**Hart Schaffner & Marx Spring Suits.**
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# CALGARY EYE OPENER

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## *Eye Openers*

R. C. EDWARDS
Editor and Proprietor
Phone M 1730
Subscription, $1.00 per year
Correspondents are requested to address us to P.O. Box 2090, Calgary.

R. B. Bennett will speak tonight (Saturday) at Sherman's rink.

Get that?

Candidates Tweedie, Blow and Hillocks will be present and deliver brief speeches. Better get there early if you want a good seat.

* * *

The Seventeenth! Here is where the worm will do his justly famous turn.

Now Alberta will proceed to present itself with a government of which it can be proud.

* * *

Premier Michener will carry out the Sifton policies—on a shutter.

* * *

Lil' Arthur will always be known in political history as the boneless prune of Alberta.

* * *

Amid the general uproar, Messrs. Tweedie, Hillocks and Blow are remaining calm and collected in their striking tableau of "The Three Cinches."

* * *

Items of interest over the wire:

**Ottawa, April 9.—The Borden Government has finally decided to hand over the natural resources of Alberta to the Sifton Government.**

**Montreal, April 10.—The directors of the Canadian Bank of Commerce have appointed Bill Miner general manager of that institution. He will assume his duties at once.**

* * *

**The premiership of the province is popularly supposed to be a species of administrative sovereignity to which a man of recognized superiority is elevated by the suffrages of the people. The exception to this rule, however, was the brazen appointment of Arthur Sifton by the arrogant Ottawa clique, without consultation of the people. This political trick has cost the province its self-respect at home and its good name abroad. Are you going to stand for this man Sifton any longer, when you have the opportunity on the 17th of wiping his name off the slate? We devoutly hope not.**

* * *

**The extraordinary thing about Sifton is that no one seems to know how he became premier in the first place. Members of his own party certainly do not know, because some of them declare that he got the premiership at the behest of Lieut. Governor Bulyea, others that it was through the good offices of his affectionate brother Cliff, while not a few of his loyal henchmen** [illegible]

From Okotoks comes a query as to whether Premier Sifton is compos mentis. Does anybody in the audience know?

* * *

The town of Midnapore was en fete. Premier Sifton was to address a meeting of the intelligent electors at Slopmagulcher's Hall, doors to open at 7 p.m. All business in the village was suspended for the day and citizens gathered around the bar of the Nevermore House to discuss the problems of the hour and get properly bowled up for the occasion. The dog fight scheduled for 2.30 in the afternoon was well attended, while several poker games in the back room helped pass the hours lightly away.

Mr. J. B. Bughauser, the new proprietor of the Nevermore House, who had phoned to Calgary for an extra bartender, did a roaring business. Farmers and ranchers kept dropping in throughout the day and Midnapore never presented such an animated spectacle within the memory of man. By supper time the town was on a noble spree. Just what you'd notice.

Mr. Bughauser instructed his chef not to bother preparing supper, as no one had any time to waste eating. The chef could not have prepared it anyway, he being in a very uproarious condition. Indeed, he had twice fallen across the top of the kitchen stove and burnt himself horribly.

When the train pulled into Midnapore station, Mr. Bughauser, in a boiled shirt, was gathered on the platform. Premier Sifton, accompanied by the Hon. Thin Red Line Leach, stepped gingerly from his car and glanced suspiciously around. His eye lit on Bughauser.

"Where are the merry villagers?" he asked.

"They are all here, sir."

"Where? I don't see 'em."

"Up at my hotel preparing for your arrival. You will have a big crowd at your meeting tonight, believe me."

"What is all that yelling and screaming—anybody being murdered?"

"By golly, I hope not!" ejaculated Bughauser, suddenly leaving his guests and hotfooting it for the hotel.

"This is a weird spot," said Mr. Leach, gazing darkly at the village. "Many a bloody night's work, I'll wager, has been done here."

"My God!" whispered the premier, "did you hear that bloodcurdling yell?"

"Let us sit down on this truck," said Leach, "and await developments. That queer looking chap who met us is sure to come back and get us."

"Hist!" warned Sifton. "Here he is now!"

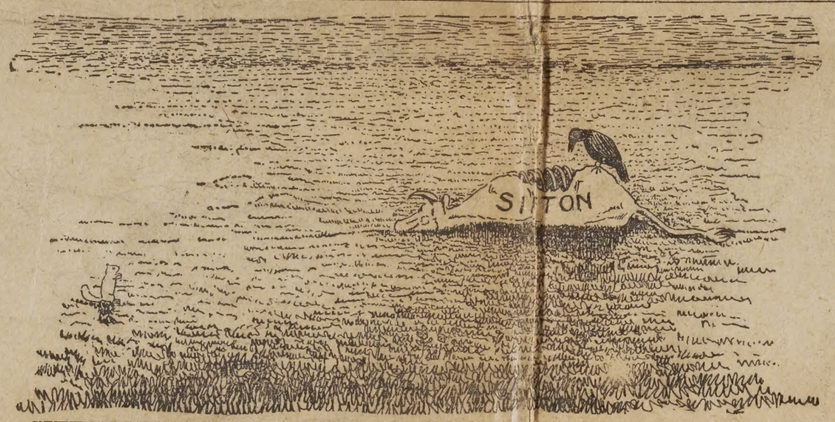
Sure enough, the pudgy form of Bughauser came bounding towards them like a jackrabbit.

"Say," he gasped, "get to hell out of here! Lose no time. They're out after Sifton's scalp—which of you is Sifton? You? Well, get out before they start coming—by God! you're too late! Here they come!"

A dark mass of angry-visaged men came surging towards them in the twilight. A large man in advance of the rest carried a rope, the end of which he was forming into a loop as he walked.

"Sit tight," said Bughauser to the affrighted visitors. "It's your only chance."

Up reeled the crowd, swaying and




**SIFTON IS GONE!**

**His political corpse lies rotting in the sun, a prey to angry and hungry human buzzards of his own party who blame him for knocking their stools from under at the great Liberal pie counter.**

**The worst Incompetent and the most pitiful Blunderer in Canadian political life today lies stretched on his native prairie like a Mexican steer after a hard winter, with none but a lone gopher to squeak his requiem and drop a tear. Poor devil!**

**No stately sarcophagus shall hold this sorry corpse. Disintegrating under the combined action of hot air, bunk and blather, the "stiff" will soon be beyond the ken of even the most sensitive nostril. For which relief much thanks.**

**What, asks the future generation, was the cause of his death?**

**A swelling of the head and an overworked gall. The people grew tired of his coarse work and decided to dump him. That was all.**

**When a weak man, afflicted with the sickly arrogance of ignorance, assumes an autocratic power which he has neither the brains nor the political sagacity to wield, his destruction is but the matter of time.**

**Sifton's time is up. His clock has struck twelve, and Alberta shall know him no more after the sun has gone down on the evening of the Seventeenth.**

**O, Happy Day!**

"On the bum," said the orator. "I have run up a debt of $19,000,000 and have not a cent in the treasury to pay it back. We are pretty nearly bankrupt right now. Viewed in a strictly business light, we actually are bankrupt. Notwithstanding our enormous expenditures, we have nothing to show for it that is of the slightest use or benefit to the farmers. Not a thing. Roads and bridges have been shamefully neglected—absolutely ignored, in fact—and my government has every reason to be sick and ashamed of its maladministration."

"Well," yelled a voice in the crowd, "what in Sam Hill do you mean by travelling around the country and telling the people a lot of damned lies?"

"All in the game, my dear sir," responded the premier with a sickly smile.

"And what do you think of those who swallow your bunk?"

"I think they are a lot of ignorant boobs."

"Hi! Hi! String him up!" shouted the mob, maddened by this exhibition of impudence. "Aw, Bill, do let us string him up! We're getting dry."

"No," said the large man. "He is

### ETIQUETTE NOTES

When asking a lady if she would care for some refreshments it is considered a mark of ill-breeding to say, "How would a horn strike you?" or "What's the matter with a snifter?" Such cryptic terms presuppose too much familiarity with boozology on the part of the lady. It is much more correct-ill-faut to bow politely and say, "If you are feeling dry, Miss Fewclothes, I believe I could rustle you a snort."

When a young society man is present at a pink tea it is considered a grave breach of manners on his part to start up a conversation relative to the White Slave Traffic. He will do well to confine his sparkling remarks to the ambiguity of the weather.

Entering into an altercation with your pastor with regard to the relative merits of Rye and Scotch, is considered bad form. If he prefers Scotch, that is none of your business.

If on entering a drawing room full of ladies you trip on a rug and fall headlong in amongst them, do not make matters worse by assuring them that you have been on the water wagon for three months. This kind of apology is

There were the seven sleepers of Ephesus and then again there is Sifton's cabinet.

* * *

The people of Alberta, in their innocence, imagine that the cost to them of this wonderful premier is only $6,000, the amount of his salary. Would that it were! For every year of his reign he has cost them, **on one blunder alone,** $870,000, or, so far, $1,100,000!

* * *

And the people are supposed to pretend they like it! They are even being asked to again employ this man Sifton in the position which he has proven himself incompetent to fill. Viewed casually by a man up a tree, such a request comes under the heading of damned impudence.

* * *

Premier Sifton is fighting like a rat for his life. He and his ministers are scurrying to and fro over the country making all kinds of wild promises which they have not the slightest intention of fulfilling, nor the ability to do so if they had. They have already made promises, especially off in the rural districts where folks are inclined to be more credulous with regard to

bill) and put their side of the case up to them in a fair and honest way, intimating that they only expected adequate protection in their business, nothing more.

* * *

What the machinery men actually did in their interview with Sifton and McKay was this: "Here," said they, "are forms of agreements of sale used by the various companies doing business in this province. Look 'em over carefully and eliminate all that you consider unfair to the farmer. Then frame up an agreement of sale which will give neither the worst of it nor the best of it to either the machinery firms or the farmer. Balance it evenly for both and then we shall all be satisfied."

* * *

This suggestion was also ignored.

* * *

Sifton and McKay, both prominent lawyers and extravagantly fond of anything of a litigious nature, put their heads together and fixed up the bill in such a way as to promote, further, foster and stimulate litigation between the farmers and the wealthy corporations which control the farm machinery business. Having got all the lawsuits possible out of his illegal A. & G. W. Act, Sifton thought it was only fair to the members of his profession to start another series and provide the legal fraternity with more pickings. In this, of course, he was ably abetted by Lawyer McKay.

* * *

According to the terms of this bill, the farmer has to prove in court that the provisos and stipulations contained in the agrement of sale are unfair or unreasonable. You will observe that the onus of proof lies on the farmer. What farmer in Alberta could stand up against a multi-millionaire outfit like the International Harvester Company, should that company carry such cases from court to court, after the pleasing fashion of the C.P.R.? The farmer would only involve himself in ruinous expense and be a loser even if he won.

* * *

But these companies, as a matter of fact, have not the slightest desire to give the farmer the worst of it. The only occasion when they may seem to be trying to do so is when some dishonest agent, anxious to make a sale and get his commission, gives the farmer a lot of con talk, mixed up with verbal assurances and promises which the company knows nothing about and should not be expected to be held responsible for. A uniform and standard agreement of sale, such as has been outlined, would eliminate all this unfortunate phase of the business and permit the farmers and the companies to work in harmony together to their mutual advantage. There is no sense in fostering acrimony between two parties who depend absolutely and solely upon one another for their livelihood.

* * *

If the farming communities of Alberta wish to have this thing straightened out and put on a satisfactory basis, the best thing they can do is to put the Conservatives into power on the 17th and thus be sure of getting that ruinous and iniquitous farm machinery act repealed. If Sifton is returned the agricultural interests of the province will be irretrievably damaged. Like the provincial finances, agriculture will be all shot to hell. This will complete the general ruin and we shall all have to become real estate agents.

* * *

"Put down," the little fellow said, reading from a book, "ten pounds of sugar at 5 cents a pound an' four pounds of coffee at 30 cents a pound, an' two pounds of butter at 28 cents a pound, an' two cakes of soap at 5 cents each."

"I've got them down," said the grocer, looking up from his pad.

"How much does it come to?" the lad asked.

The man ran up the column.

"Two-thirty-six," he announced. "Hurry up, son."

"An' if I was to give you a $5 bill, how much change would I get?"

"Two dollars and sixty-four cents," said the grocer, impatiently. "Come on, I'm in a hurry."

"Oh, I didn't want to buy them," said the urchin as he disappeared through the door. "That's our arithmetic lesson for tomorrow an' I couldn't work it."

* * *

When our provincial Liberals set out to reinstate an incompetent person like Arthur Sifton by straining party politics, they are doing violence to a good old party name.

Leaving Jamaica, fleet cruises in an uncertain manner about the high seas.

Sifton has made supreme and frantic efforts to conceal from the public the true state of Alberta's finances. The worst of it is, he has partially succeeded.

* * *

This is a good time to make a note to the effect that a bunch of accounts for monies borrowed by Sifton come due next month, and there isn't a cent in the treasury to meet them! This was mainly the reason for Sifton hurrying forward the elections.

* * *

**This campaign is a decidedly unique one. Party ties have been set aside and an earnest attempt is being made by serious-minded men to have the iniquitous Sifton Government fired out of office and a sane, honest, business-like administration substituted in its place. No one will be forfeiting his Liberal principles by voting to demolish Sifton and his rotten Government. It will be the act of a good citizen. The province first; party, second.**

* * *

After all, great disasters like the infliction of an incompetent premier are but incidents, which can be easily remedied by the usual canning process.

"Pro Bono Publico" wishes to know if Mr. Michener will be premier of Alberta inside of a month.

Ans.: He will.

* * *

At last we are vindicated. Frank Wrigley and Dr. Pirie will kindly take a back seat with their discordant old classical music and make way for ragtime, now become the rage over in dear old London. Ragtime music is purely American, cakewalky and curiously pretty and catchy. It is a distinct joy to see it come into its own. No more concertos, opus 4-11-44,—for a while, anyhow. Thank God!

* * *

Composers have put aside their dreams of oratorios and operas and are dashing off the jerky syncopated melodies that twist and turn and stop abruptly and linger for a few bars, only to rush on again.

* * *

Every poet has ceased writing dreamy love songs and sets his muse to words that seem crazy until they are sung. Anyhow, the words are just as intelligible to ordinary folk as the words in an Italian opera.

* * *

The new ragtimes are wonderful things that everybody will be whistling before the year is out. We all know "Everybody's Doing It," "Hitchy Koo" and "Waiting for the Robert E. Lee," but we have not yet heard—

"When the Midnight Choo Choo leaves for Alabam."

It is a ragtime with train effects. There is another one about the Henry Clay. The words are exquisite and full of poetical feeling. Tennyson must have been in rare form when he dashed them off:

"When the Henry Clay comes steaming
into Mobile Bay—
Whatcha say?
Whatcha say?
Whatcha say?
When the Henry Clay comes ploughing
thro' the foam and spray
On her way
Up the bay.
Ban-ban-bandannas are a-waving
When the Henry Clay comes steaming
into Mobile Bay."

The chorus of the "Midnight Choo Choo" runs like this:

"I will be right there with bells
When that old conductor yells
"All aboard (choo! choo!),
All aboard (choo! choo!),
All aboard for Alabam.'"

* * *

Our action on the 17th is the stuff out of which we shall fashion the next five years. On this day we are to design the future of the Province and we need to be a little careful about it.

* * *

The Conservative party of the province stands for control of natural resources, increased revenue from resources for development and payment of public debt. Good roads and drainage. Immediate settlement of the A. & G. W. question. Cheap money for settlers. Responsible government. Efficiency, economy and business administration. Railway construction.

* * *

**Be on hand tonight (Saturday) at Sherman's Rink and hear R. B. Bennett on the Sifton Menace.**

We devoutly hope not.

* * *

The extraordinary thing about Sifton is that no one seems to know how he became premier in the first place. Members of his own party certainly do not know, because some of them declare that he got the premiership at the behest of Lieut. Governor Buiyea, others that it was through the good offices of his affectionate brother Cliff, while not a few of his loyal henchmen have the unblushing impudence to claim that he became premier through the direct intervention of the Almighty, thus introducing the divine right idea.

Whichever it was, Sifton has made one hell of a premier.

* * *

The people of Alberta did not select Sifton for their premier. They were not consulted in the matter. Had no say about it at all. Weren't asked what they thought about it, nor even how they liked it. Didn't know anything about it, in fact, until they woke up one morning and found L'il Arthur seated on the throne, waving a stuffed club.

And we are supposed to be a self-governing people!

* * *

Sifton's three-year tenure of office has been one long sickening blunder. Every move he has made as premier has turned out a failure. He has posed as an autocrat without the possession of those superior qualities of mind which alone justify a man in assuming that pose. An autocrat is tolerated in a free country only when there is urgent need of the services of an administrative genius to save a critical situation. Sifton was supposed to save the situation for his party by a wise and judicious solution of the A. & G. W. fiasco, but he outfiascoed the fiasco to such a pitiful degree that he became the laughing stock for scoffers at home and abroad. In attempting to play the role of a great man, he has only succeeded in making himself and the province ridiculous.

* * *

After the election L'il Arthur is going into vaudeville. Gadsby has accepted a commission to write him a twenty-minute sketch, to be entitled "The Blizzard of '13."

Laurier fleet sails for the Dardanelles.

The tramp sidled up the walk, after looking around carefully. He knocked, and the lady of the house came out and looked him over.

"Madam, I'm travelling around the world."

"Um."

"Walking around the world on a wager."

"Uum."

"I have to make good time or I'll lose my bet."

The lady relaxed the grimness of her face just a trifle.

"Well," said she. "I don't mind letting my bulldog pace you for a couple of miles. Here, Tige!"

When last seen the man and the dog were making good time.

* * *

After the Seventeenth there will be no quorum of Siftons in the councils of the nation. Blessed day!

* * *

The following ad appeared amongst the "Situations Wanted" in the Calgary Herald, April 2:

REFINED YOUNG WOMAN of good appearance and thorough knowledge of world, desires position in office of a wealthy real estate man (married preferred). Knowledge of stenography and bookkeeping. Apply box 502, Herald. 1-3

Whoever employs this charmer had better have some slight knowledge of the world himself.

* * *

When you go to the polls on the 17th, be sure and fool the candidate who should be fooled.

"All in the game, my dear sir," responded the premier with a sickly smile.

"And what do you think of those who swallow your bunk?"

"I think they are a lot of ignorant boobs."

"Hi! Hi! String him up!" shouted the mob, maddened by this exhibition of impudence. "Aw, Bill, do let us string him up! We're getting dry."

"No," said the large man. "He is doing as I ordered him to do—telling the truth."

"My elevator bill, gentlemen," continued the premier, "means nothing, because although we introduced and passed it to pacify the United Farmers' Association, we took darned good care not to vote any money for it. As a matter of fact, the bill is not worth the paper it is printed on. We sure put one across that time."

"And wot about the Direct Legislation Bill?" queried the large man, taking a chew of tobacco.

"We fixed that in such a way that the boobs think they are getting Direct Legislation, while, as a matter of fact, they are not getting it at all. The working of the bill is so difficult and involved and impracticable that, in the last analysis, it is meaningless. It is a fake bill, intended all along to be unworkable. The boobs won't notice this until they try to work it. Then they'll notice it, won't they, Leach?"

"They sure will," said Leach.

"Then, Mr. Sifton, you admit the general proposition that you are a political fakir?"

"Yes, sir."

"Would you have told the truth tonight if it hadn't been for this rope around your neck?"

"No, sir."

"Well, you and your friend can go. We will let you off the funny stories. You and your bunch of highbinders are a disgrace to the province, for you have brought discredit upon it and are not worthy of the regard of honest men. Those of us who have pride in this province of ours will gladly help kick you out. Now, hike!"

"That's right!" roared the excited crowd. "Get to hell out of here!"

* * *

Charles H. Taylor, of Calgary, who was included in the king's New Year's list of honors and is the only Calgarian to have received the honor of knighthood, arrived home from England last Wednesday. Sir Charles expects to be present at the Bennett meeting Saturday night.

* * *

It will be up to Li'l Arthur to re-appraise his greatness after the 17th.

* * *

We view with alarm. We are dumfounded in small caps and three rows of astonishers! Behold the obliging Pingle, of Medicine Hat, running in Redcliffe riding with a view to resigning in favor of Charlie Mitchell, after that gentleman has gone through the throes and formalities of being defeated in his home town. Oh dear, Oh dear!

* * *

And the nervous Sifton has taken the precaution of running in Macleod as well as in Vermilion! Nervous as hell.

And Charlie Cross, too, is playing Edson for a place!

* * *

Why, O why, does not Jack Boyle also safeguard himself by using that densely populated riding of Clearwater as something to fall back on? He might as well. Everybody's doing it.

* * *

One must not take too much stock in the yarns that are circulated about political candidates with a view to holding them up to obloquy. For instance, we do not believe for a moment that Dr. McDougall, while preaching to a crowd of Indians on the subject of Daniel in the lion's den, ever said "And there he sat all night long watching the show and it didn't cost him a cent!" Such canards about public men running for office are to be deplored.

* * *

Neither Liberalism nor Conservatism is the issue on election day. Sane, businesslike government is the issue. Keep that in mind and help tie the can where it belongs.

Entering into an altercation with your pastor with regard to the relative merits of Rye and Scotch, is considered bad form. If he prefers Scotch, that is none of your business.

If on entering a drawing room full of ladies you trip on a rug and fall headlong in amongst them, do not make matters worse by assuring them that you have been on the water wagon for three months. This kind of apology is a giveaway, and they don't believe it anyhow.

A young lady writes to ask what she should have done under the following circumstances: "Our pastor was lunching at our house the other day and I asked him if he would care for another piece of pie, though we did not have any more pie in the house. Unfortunately he said yes. So I took his plate away as if to get some more pie, and never came back. What would have been the best way out of the dilemma?"

That is easy. She could have gone into the kitchen and yelled "Scat!" a time or two and slammed around with the broom and come back and said: "That horrid cat has eaten the pie." Or she could have made a bluff of returning with the pie and dropped the dish and then acted so angry that the pastor would have told her not to mind the pie, as he didn't really want any more and didn't care much for pie, anyhow, and was full up as it was. But the cat stunt is the best.

Should a lady enter your office during business hours and cock her feet up on your desk, give her a drink out of your private bottle and show her out as quickly as possible. Tell her to come back later.

Admiral decides to touch at Kingston, Jamaica, for some really good rum.

There were two old Scotch women, Mrs. McWhirter and Mrs. McBean, who met on the road one day, and Mrs. McWhirter said, "Losh wumman, ye'r far frae hame the day!"

"Aye," said Mrs. McBean, "I was juist yont at Peebles. Saunders McNabb, o' Peebles, keeps rale guid ham. Oor John, ye ken, likes a bit guid ham, an' is aye yammerin' aboot the ham bein' ower fat and ower saut."

"Oor Tam," said Mrs. McWhirter, "is the same way. There's nae pleasin' him wi' his ham. Faith, I'll hae ta gie McNabb a trial."

So Mrs. McWhirter journeys into Peebles, and she says to Saunders McNabb, the grocer, "Gie us a pund o' yer best ham."

"What kind wad ye like?" asked Saunders.

"Oh, juist the kind that Mrs. McBean gets," said Mrs. McWhirter.

McNabb smiled faintly.

"A' richt," said he. "Whaur's yer bottle?"

* * *

The Ontario government is evidently alive to the dangers of over-crowded, ill-ventilated moving picture houses. It has ordained that no theatre shall be built anywhere except on a street corner and with a 15-foot driveway. In Calgary the moving picture people can do any d——d thing they like, regardless of human life. Our local authorities, however, will make ample provision for the general safety after the inevitable catastrophe has happened,—same as they have done since the trolley car accident on the north hill.

* * *

The Liberals have now practically conceded the defeat of Sifton. He has brought it on himself. Don't bother about sending a wreath. It is a case for the incinerator.

* * *

Our gallant leader, Mr. Michener, well asks, "Why have we so little money for roads, bridges, drainage and for other purposes of development of the country, while the province is being depleted by promotion of railway schemes?"

Premier Sifton is fighting like a rat for his life. He and his ministers are scurrying to and fro over the country making all kinds of wild promises which they have not the slightest intention of fulfilling, nor the ability to do so if they had. They have already made promises, especially off in the rural districts where folks are inclined to be more credulous with regard to roads and bridges and telephones and God knows what else, which, if fulfilled, would swallow up $200,000,000. They have stopped at nothing to flim-flam the farmer out of his vote.

* * *

Such few farm machinery companies as may ultimately remain and do business in Alberta have decided to sell for CASH ONLY.

* * *

What new settlers will do this spring and summer when they are confronted with the sign, "Strictly Cash," remains to be seen. It means many a domestic tragedy.

As for farmers who already are behind in their payments, they need not whimper if the companies press them. They will have Sifton to thank for the financial cyclone when it strikes their homes.

* * *

The Sawyer-Harris Company, the only purely Canadian manufacturers of threshers, have pulled up stakes within the past few weeks and quit Alberta. They frankly state they cannot continue to do business under the terms of this one-sided farm machinery bill, which deprives them of reasonable protection and security.

* * *

The Nichols & Shephard Company, probably the largest concern manufacturing threshers in the world, with branch warehouses all over Alberta, have also closed out their business and shaken the dust of Alberta from their feet. They decline absolutely to continue to sell their goods in a province where they receive no protection.

* * *

The Hart-Parr Company, as soon as the farm machinery bill became law, lost no time in shipping all their machinery out of the province and placing it in Saskatchewan. Other firms are doing the same.

* * *

The Waterloo Threshing Machine Co.; the Avery Company, and the Minneapolis Threshing Machine Co. have also withdrawn their business from the province since the passing of this Act.

Other firms that have "stopped selling" in Alberta are the Rumley Co.; the Case Co. and the Chapin Co.

About 700 men have been laid off.

* * *

The rest of the machinery firms are merely marking time till they see how the elections turn out. If the Liberals win, they either withdraw altogether from the province or run a STRICTLY CASH BUSINESS.

* * *

The above are facts which can be confirmed over the phone in five minutes.

* * *

Now Mr. Farmer may put that in his pipe and smoke it.

* * *

And what will the Conservatives do with regard to this machinery bill, if returned to power?

First, they will repeal it.

Second, they will summon representatives of the farmers and of the machinery men and, by exercising their combined wisdom, frame a uniform and standard agreement of sale, free of jokers, easily understood, and as fair and equitable to the one as to the other.

* * *

As a matter of fact, when this outrageous bill was first mooted, representatives of the United Farmers' Association went to Sifton and asked him specially to incorporate in it a uniform agreement of sale, to be used by all machinery companies. This request was ignored.

Not only that, but representatives of the machinery companies went to Sifton and A. G. McKay (the latter being the lawyer employed to draw up the agreement) in fostering acrimony between two parties who depend absolutely and solely upon one another for their livelihood.

* * *

If the farming communities of Alberta wish to have this thing straightened out and put on a satisfactory basis, the best thing they can do is to put the Conservatives into power on the 17th. Then they will be in a position to demand the repeal of the bill, and the Conservatives will be in a position to grant it. Under the present Liberal government they will be forever helpless, because the Liberals will be estopped by their own action. They will be forever estopped from repealing the bill by the fact that they passed it. No one will be forfeiting his Liberal principles by voting to demolish Sifton and his rotten Government. It will be the act of a good citizen. The province first; party, second.

* * *

After all, great disasters like the infliction of an incompetent premier are but incidents, which can be easily remedied by the usual canning process.

* * *

Be on hand tonight (Saturday) at Sherman's Rink and hear R. B. Bennett on the Sifton Menace.

The Fruit Looks Tempting

But Wow! Crickey!! Gee Whizz!!!

# A PROMISE OF PROFIT

The development of the Peace River Country, the presence of Natural Gas, the building of Railroads North and West, and the ever-increasing flood of Immigration GUARANTEE the future of ATHABASCA LANDING.

With a population of One Thousand today, our property, TAWATINAW, lies inside the present Town Limits.

Time was when Winnipeg, Regina, Saskatoon, Moose Jaw, Calgary, Edmonton and Vancouver were towns of a thousand population.

We defy anyone to produce a single piece or parcel of property situated inside of what was then the Town Limits of these cities of today that is not now worth from ten to a thousand times what it sold for then.

**The Meeker-Swanson Company, Limited**

Those Who Are Acquainted With The Conditions in and Around REDCLIFF Are Buying

# CONNAUGHT PARK

**Remember—Don't Get the name Confused**

If you are not familiar With the Action on This Section We would advise you to get busy before the subdivision is picked over.

**$35 Cash Handles a Lot**

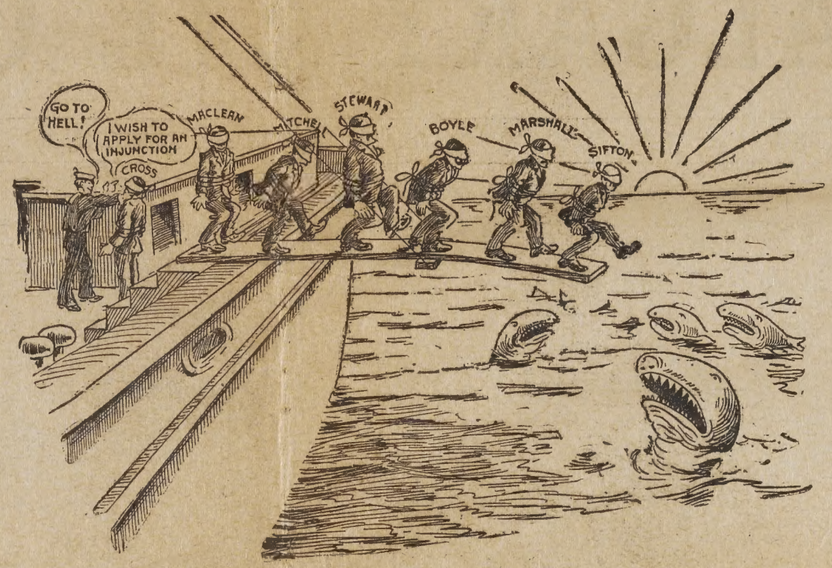
The property is practically selling itself. You could shut your eyes and select your lots and one would be as good as another. Every lot is guaranteed perfect. Make yourself acquainted with conditions and **You Will Buy** REMEMBER—This is the best property at the lowest prices offered in the City. **The title comes from us.**

**F. M. Ginther Land Co. Ltd.**


The Rev. Dr. John McDougall, Liberal candidate in Centre Calgary, is putting up a spirited campaign. We attended one of his meetings last week and had the pleasure of listening to a most inspiring address. Hon. Jimmy Reilly was in the chair.

After a few introductory remarks by the chairman on the horse-racing prospects of the year and the desirability of building an extension to the grandstand at Victoria Park, the candidate took the platform and spoke as follows:

Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen: I am glad to see such a representative audience here tonight. Forty-nine years ago this very night I camped on the spot where this building now stands and stood off a hostile band of Blackfeet Indians. The buffalo were roaming the plains in vast herds in those days and well do I remember shooting a very fine bull within twenty rods of where Premier Sifton has erected that noble structure, the Land Titles Office. (Cheers.) I have little hesitation in pronouncing Premier Sifton the greatest man that ever lived. He reminds me a good deal of St. Paul. (Hear! hear!) The statesmanlike manner in which he has handled the A. & G. W. problem is worthy of hearty commendation and I am sure that none of you will grudge paying out $1,100 a day for the privilege of retaining his services. (Loud applause.) Speaking of transportation, I remember some forty-four years ago driving my dog train from Battleford to what is now Calgary in fifty-seven hours, with the thermometer 87 degrees below zero and a wind blowing 110 miles an hour, and pitching my tent right on the spot where the Calgary Herald is now located. It is a scurrilous sheet. My faithful Indian attendant, Mooschook, whose life I had saved some years before when a marauding band were about to burn him at the stake, came to me after I had partaken of my frugal repast and said, "Waugh, waugh, nitchi keewan squawk goofchuk kibosh yawp," which means, "There will be a mighty city here some day, Bo." Little did I then realise how true was the prophetic vision of poor Mooschook, who passed to his reward only a few years ago, having been hit over the head with a bungstarter during an orgy at Shagganappie Point. (Loud and prolonged cheers.) The financial policy of the Sifton government is the very acme of economy and has my warm approval. Our debt is fourteen millions. But what is fourteen millions! Why, Mr. Chairman, I have seen fourteen million buffalo at one time in one herd, and thought nothing of it! I remember in the early sixties being pursued by an infuriated buffalo which chased me from a mile this side of the Morley mission down as far as that raise of land where Speaker Fisher's residence now stands. Little did I then imagine that this little spot was to be associated in future years with the Speaker of an Assembly of which I was destined to become a bright and shining light. (Roar of applause.) I notice, Mr. Chairman, that one of our Liberal candidates for Calgary, Mr. Clifford Jones, is in favor of woman's suffrage. I am in hearty accord with his views on this subject and embrace the opportunity of announcing at this meeting that I am also a staunch advocate of Votes for Indians, and shall leave no stone unturned to obtain for them the franchise. (Applause.) I think a joint bill should be brought down next session with the purpose of adding women and Indians to our voting lists. It would add immeasurably to the gaiety of our elections and introduce an element which neither moths nor Bob Rogers could corrupt. (Great cheering.) I recall very clearly one day away back in the seventies, when I happened to be swimming the Saskatchewan River, opposite the old Hudson Bay Fort at




Walking the Plank

Now this is really too bad. Another bubble busted. The band on board the sinking Titanic never played "Nearer, my God, to Thee" after all

"A Musical Director" sends the following interesting statement to the "Yorkshire Post": "It will be remembered how the account of the Titanic band playing 'Nearer, my God, to Thee' as the ship sank into the angry waves was sent broadcast throughout the world, as a substantiated fact. Then a rumor was whispered that the story was, to say the least, a flight of imagination. Now comes an authoritative contradiction, and the whole affair has been branded by Colonel Archibald Gracie, one of the survivors, as an entire fabrication. This has been fully reported in American papers, but not a word (that I have seen) has been breathed by our press. Colonel Archibald Gracie, as I have said, was one of the survivors of the awful ocean tragedy, and in an address before the University Club, Washington, has emphatically denied that the musicians of the Titanic played 'Nearer, my God, to Thee,' or any other hymn as the ship went down. He says that the last the musicians played was 'ragtime' music, which ceased fully half an hour before the Titanic sank, and he himself saw the bandsmen throw aside their instruments, realizing that their time could be much better spent in helping to load the boats. Colonel Gracie further shows how ridiculous the whole story is when he says, 'If the band had played that familiar hymn, panic would have resulted. Fixing the minds of the passengers on the possibility of their being nearer to God, and I say it seriously, would have been the last thing wanted.' Thus we have the final witness to quiet the myth of the Titanic band. Of course, it is very unfortunate that such a nice dramatic story should be pricked like a bubble, but truth has a nasty habit of interfering with sentiment."

And so Sifton's direct legislation bill is to be of such wonderful benefit to the farmer, eh?

That's funny.

**We have just been reading a public speech delivered by Mr. Cox, a prominent member of the United Farmers' Association, in which he says that this bill is "the greatest piece of bald humbug ever put before the people."**

* * *

**ALBERTA'S FINANCES ARE IN CHAOTIC SHAPE.**

How are they in chaotic shape?

Well, shut up and listen. The government is annually paying out in interest $1,294,000.

In other words, practically the entire subsidy of the Dominion Government, amounting to $1,495,000 per year, is swallowed up in paying interest charges and discount rates.

Over and above that, the province is $19,000,000 in debt, with no visible means of paying it back. Not even a sinking fund has been started to provide for its payment.

Our credit has all gone to hell over in England since Sifton's confiscatory legislation was shown to be illegal by the Privy Council. Take, for instance, the Dunvegan railway bonds. These were put on the market in London and only two and a half per cent. were taken up.

Every day since Sifton has been in office the province has been soaked $1,000 a day for his blundering A. & G. W. fiasco. This is still running on. Today is Saturday and we pay during the twenty-four hours $1,000 for Sifton's bloody ignorance; by tomorrow night there will be another $1,000 to pay; by Monday night, another $1,000, and so on until the Conservatives get into power and provide a solution of the trouble.

And this $1,000-a-day stunt has been going steadily on for three years! So far it amounts to $1,100,000. A pretty penny for a young agricultural province to pay.

This is the price we have been paying for the Sifton luxury. Moreover, the provincial credit is so impaired that the province has to pay five and three-quarters per cent. on its money, even though the statute distinctly

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unpardonable bits of bad fawm in English society is to take mustard with mutton. Why this is so, we cannot say, but it is a fact. It is familiarity with an assortment of just such inconsequential little trifles that constitute "good fawm" in the higher social circles of England. You can bet your life that an English princeling has all these things down pat. But to continue.

* * *

Our princeling's education is turned over to tutors, gentlemen of good family, don't you know, and unimpeachable fawm. His royal highness is given a smattering of every imaginable subject under the sun. It would be distinctly bad fawm to have a learned prince in the family, so they don't allow him to study too hard.

"With your royal highness's permission," bleats the tutor, "I shall now demonstrate the fifth proposition in Euclid, commonly known as the—ah—'pons asinorum'."

"All right," says the prince, lighting a cigarette, "you just go right ahead and demonstrate. Don't mind me."

By the time he is seventeen our prince knows just enough of everything of a polite nature to entitle him to be called well educated. He will not be thoroughly versed in any particular subject, but he will have approached near enough to have a nodding acquaintance with an infinite variety of subjects and to know that they exist. This will pull him through nicely.

* * *

There is one thing that our royalties can claim to know, however, and that is modern languages. They can all talk the various European tongues like natives. This they pick up at first hand from their innumerable relatives. When our prince is about 18 he is made a Colonel in the Tenth Hussars and a Vice-Admiral of the fleet and a Knight of the Garter and a whole lot of things. Then he is packed off with his tutor to Oxford, where he becomes a wet bob or a dry bob, as the case may be, and polishes off his education by witnessing the Oxford and Cambridge boat race from the referee's launch.


# GROUARD

**The Coming Metropolis of the Great Peace River Country**

The World has its eye on the West and the Centre of this last Great West is **GROUARD**, the Winnipeg of the Peace River Country.

The importance of **GROUARD** as a **DISTRIBUTING and COMMERCIAL CENTRE** has already attracted four railroads. The Edmonton, Dunvegan and B.C. Railway, The Canadian Northern and The Peace River and Great Western Railroads are guaranteed and so chartered as to make **Grouard** their natural distributing point.

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**CALGARY EXPORT BOTTLED BEER**

"The Label with the Red Horseshoe"

**Calgary Brewing & Malting Co., LIMITED**

# DAVIES & CO.

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Cater exclusively to persons en route to the magic country north and west of Edmonton. This firm enters on its fourth year with a stock of goods as complete as study and experience can make it.

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ject your lots and one would be as good as ... ted perfect. Make yourself acquainted with conditions and **You Will Buy** REMEMBER—This is the best property at the lowest prices offered in the City. **The title comes from us.**

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Office: Hull Block, Medicine Hat.



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**$40.00 to $400.00**

We have good designs in the Quadruple Plate that are fully guaranteed, that sell for

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MANUFACTURING JEWELERS **D. E. Black & Co.** DIAMOND MERCHANTS

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## New Imperial Hotel

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Sixty Rooms Refurnished — Up-to-date in every respect; Car passes every 5 minutes

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chise. (Applause.) I think a joint bill should be brought down next session with the purpose of adding women and Indians to our voting lists. It would add immeasurably to the gaiety of our elections and introduce an element which neither moths nor Bob Rogers could corrupt. (Great cheering.) I recall very clearly one day away back in the seventies, when I happened to be swimming the Saskatchewan River, opposite the old Hudson Bay Fort at Edmonton, with two aged Indians on my back, the thought came to me that if Indians had votes the man who could talk their lingo would become a power in the land. Before I had reached the opposite bank I had resolved in my mind that if ever I lived to achieve a position in politics my first effort would be to secure for the Indian his franchise. (Loud cheers.) The Stoney and Sarcee reserves should be formed into one riding, for my special benefit and behoof. After all I have done for the civilizing of this western country and making it fit for settlement, driving hundreds of thousands of miles by dog train every year, on the constant move from Fort Garry to the Rockies and from the Arctic Circle to the Dry Tortugas, living on pemmican and flapjacks and listening to distressing solos on the mouth organ as played by the early employees of the Hudson Bay, with no one but Indians for companions and surrounded night after night by myriads of yelping coyotes and millions of hostile buffalo, I think that the least thing the government of the day could do for me is to extend the present gerrymander and give me a safe seat amongst my beloved Indians. (Loud and contiuued applause.) Mr. Chairman, I will not longer detain you. The hour is getting late and there are other speakers to follow. The prospects look bright for my election. There are some six thousand voters in Centre Calgary and I was deeply gratified yesterday when over four thousand of these stopped me on the street and assured me of their support. One aged man tottered up to me with tears in his eyes and said, "Doctor, don't you remember me?" I confessed I did not. "Why," said he, "don't you remember a trapper being hotly pursued one hot afternoon many years ago by an enraged grizzly, and you appeared over a rock and sent a bullet plumb through his left eye and saved my life? Doctor, I am that trapper. You get my vote." (Wild outburst of applause.) Mr. Chairman and gentlemen I thank you for your patient hearing.

The meeting broke up with the singing of God Save the King and three cheers for McCarthy.

* * *

The rumor that Bishop Pinkham had decided to run on the Socialist ticket in the present campaign, is pronounced a canard. Both parties agree that four reverend candidates in the field are an elegant sufficiency, considering the state of the roads.

unfortunate that such a nice dramatic story should be pricked like a bubble, but truth has a nasty habit of interfering with sentiment."

Rainbow and Niobe encounter stiff weather in the Bay of Biscay. Rum getting low.

Apropos of Dreadnought building in Canada, just cast your lamps over the following extract from a letter on the subject by an eminent Canadian engineer:

"I notice that one of the Liberal members says that we can build bridges and why not war vessels.

"But no steel bridge as yet has been made of Canadian-made steel in this country. It is only within the last few years that the small bars for reinforcing concrete have been rolled in Canada. Only small structural sections are rolled in Canada at present, and I venture to say that not a pound of steel of Canadian manufacture is used in any steel-frame buildings in Canada. If the greatly increasing demand for structural steel and a protective duty of 35 per cent. has not yet induced steel manufacturers to roll structural shapes, it will take a lot of militarist talk before there will be sufficient demand for Dreadnoughts by the electors, to induce capitalists to put their money into shipyards for building war vessels.

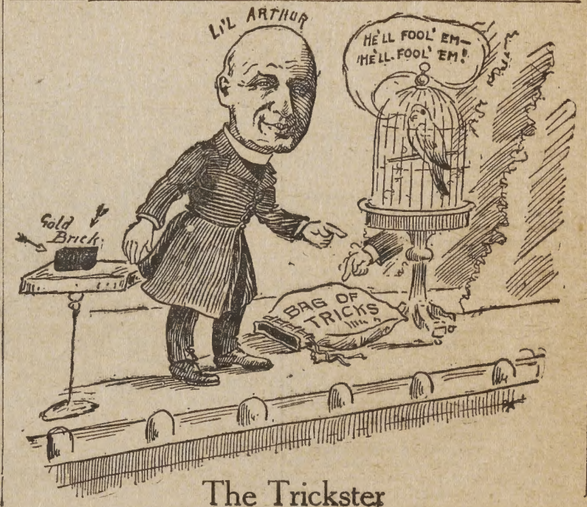
"As a Canadian, I am proud of the advancement made in nearly every line. The steel industry has also made great strides, but we are still dependent upon the old country and the United States for our larger structural sections. It is not insulting to Canadians to state these facts. We are not lacking of brains, but handicapped in location of coal and iron ores. These large undertakings require time and capital to develop them.

"A. W. Connor.

"Consulting Bridge and Structural Engineer, Toronto."

* * *

Those narrow-gutted persons who grudge contributing to the defense of the empire should take into consideration that the British Empire is some size. It is 53 times the size of France, 52 times that of Germany, 3½ times that of the United States of America, thrice the size of Europe, with treble the population of all the Russias. It extends over 11,000,000 square miles, occupies one-fifth of the globe, contains one-fifth of the human race, or 350,000,000 people, embraces four continents, 10,009 islands, 500 promontories, and 2,000 rivers."




The Trickster

provide a solution of the trouble.

And this $1,000-a-day stunt has been going steadily on for three years! So far it amounts to $1,100,000. A pretty penny for a young agricultural province to pay.

This is the price we have been paying for the Sifton luxury. Moreover, the provincial credit is so impaired that the province has to pay five and three-quarters per cent. on its money, even though the statute distinctly states that it must not exceed more than four per cent.

Now do you comprehend how the finances of Alberta are in a chaotic shape? Or do we have to beat it into your skull with a sledgehammer?

* * *

It is indeed laughable to watch how the cabinet ministers and Liberal candidates sidestep the A. & G. W. fiasco in their campaign speeches. Even when heckled on the subject they wave it aside and plunge into some bunk talk about wider markets or the enormous profits derived from demonstration farms—in their minds.

* * *

It is quite on the cards that the Prince of Wales will visit Canada during the coming summer. He might possibly accompany his uncle, the Dook, when that very popular functionary returns. Let us hope so, anyway. By the way, how awfully tired the young prince must be of that tutor of his by this time! He cannot move a step without that everlasting tutor trotting by his side and pointing out the sights with his umbrella. It would drive many a young man crazy.

* * *

We often wonder whether royalties are capable of being normal, mentally. Meaning no disrespect, it must be admitted that they get away in the first place to a very bad start, owing to their in-breeding. Our royalties—male—are anything but regal in appearance. The king is a little fellow; and the Prince of Wales, now about 20, only weighs about 118 pounds—at least, that is what he weighed a few months ago when he went up to Oxford. It is the calibre of their minds, however, that is of the greatest interest from a speculative standpoint.

* * *

Take a young English prince from his cradle. First crack out of the box he is christened by the Archbishop of Canterbury and loaded up with about fifteen or twenty names. His childhood is spent in a nursery surrounded by head nurses, assistant nurses, wet nurses and all kinds of nurses, after which he passes into the governess stage. As soon as he is able to talk, the highest dignitaries of the state begin kowtowing and addressing him as his royal highness. If his doll's head falls off and he begins to cry, the court physician is hurriedly summoned and the palace is in a hubbub. If an extra large doll is needed to make him stop crying, the king's equerry rides off post haste to Madame Tussaud's wax works and returns with an effigy of the Duke of Wellington or Charles Peace, the murderer. Anything to amuse the royal child.

* * *

After a while he grows into a boy. In this stage he has our profound pity. His companions are carefully selected from the most exclusive circles of aristocratic numskulls, lads of gentle birth, quiet, well behaved and of "good fawm." "Good fawm" is the mark of an English gentleman, no matter how scallawaggy he may be in other respects. "Good fawm" in England consists of a multitude of trifling things which one either must do or not do under certain given circumstances. A few of these might be mentioned:—When playing cricket your white flannel pants must be turned up at the bottom and your sleeves rolled up to the elbow. To appear otherwise would be bad fawm. When a batsman drives a ball to long leg, old chap, you must not cry "Well played!" That were mighty bad fawm. Simply ejaculate "Played, sir, played!" leaving out the "Well." This will seem a bit far fetched, but ask any Englishman (toney, of course) if what we are saying is not the truth. Incredible as it may seem to many, one of the most relatives. When our prince is about 18 he is made a Colonel in the Tenth Hussars and a Vice-Admiral of the fleet and a Knight of the Garter and a whole lot of things. Then he is packed off with his tutor to Oxford, where he becomes a wet bob or a dry bob, as the case may be, and polishes off his education by witnessing the Oxford and Cambridge boat race from the referee's launch.

* * *

About this time the dignitaries of state begin thinking about the succession to the throne and send off for tintypes of all the eligible princesses in Europe. They pick one out, and that settles it. Somebody later on happens to mention the matter to the prince himself and that young gentleman says, "All right, old chap," and jots the date of his wedding down in his engagement book for fear he should forget. By this time our prince has come to realize what he is alive for. He recognizes that he has been brought into the world to go through an endless routine of ceremonies, to smile from

Off Gibraltar. Admiral fires salute and signals for more rum.

an open carriage upon the cheering multitude, to lay corner stones, to attend the Ascot races and to cultivate a bloody benignant manner generally.

* * *

Our princeling attains manhood and proceeds to spend a long life without having enjoyed the experience of "going without." Everything he has desired has, so to speak, been brought to him on a golden salver by a fawning lacquey. He has never missed a meal. Every single individual meal he ever ate in his life has been prepared with infinite care by the best of chefs. He never knew what it was to duck into a cafeteria and fill his tray. Not he. And the rare vintages that have been set before him at dinner every blessed day of his life! Just think of it! Wow, wow, wow! None of your Diamond Dolly champagne or Nevermore Hotel whiskey. And his cigars, too, made from a special leaf on a special plantation by special experts, wrapped in golden paper and costing a dollar and a quarter apiece! But pshaw! What's the use of continuing along this line.

* * *

What we maintain is that a youth raised in this manner cannot possibly, as a man, have a perfectly normal mind. He can have no more idea of what an ordinary man's life really is than a parrot looking out of a cage. The fawning and the flattery must have a most pernicious effect and the very habit of getting every blessed thing done for him instead of doing it himself must be enervating to the mind and body alike. We are willing to wager five dollars that the present Prince of Wales never put the cuff links in his own shirt in his whole life, not in one single instance, and we will bet ten dollars that he never put his hat on his head in his life until it was first handed to him by a lacquey.

* * *

Fortunately, all that is demanded of a prince by the general public is that he be amiable. His chief requisite is an agreeable smile. He doesn't need to open his mouth. Nobody expects him to talk. When he makes a speech at the opening of some institution his equerry hands him one already prepared on a sheet of foolscap and he calmly reads it off and then hands it back to the equerry who sticks it in his hip pocket. The incident then closes, the prince smiles benignly, the people cheer as the royal equipage drives away. These "opening" functions become so common in our prince's life that after he is through for the day he has well nigh forgotten whether he has opened a new hospital or a bottle of beer.


Everything required by the Explorer, Hunter, Fisherman, Trapper, Tourist, Prospector or Surveyor will be found in this store, including Tents, Tarpaulins, Dunnage Bags, Blankets, Eiderdown Robes, Sleeping Bags, Mosquito Bar, Clothing, Boots, Gloves, Socks, Camp Stoves, Axes, Guns, Ammunition, Fishing Tackle, Canoes, Traps and innumerable other things—all new and up-to-date. Fair prices. No second-hand goods.

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Edmonton, Alberta, Canada

52 McDougall Ave. Next to Dominion Bank

Phone 2853 Store open 8 a.m. to 6 p.m.



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## WINONA PLACE

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Lots in these three properties, located in three of the best cities of Western Canada, are now for sale on easy terms. An investment in any of these properties should prove profitable. If you live out of a city, drop us a line and we will send you full particulars.

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Medicine Hat
Lethbridge
London, Eng.

**R. B. Bennett tonight (Saturday) at Sherman's Rink, 8 o'clock sharp. The three Calgary candidates will be on hand and each will make a short spiel.**

* * *

**Keep uppermost in your mind that our provincial debt is approximately $40 a head!**

* * *

**Here is how we stand:**

**Alberta has a present debt of $14,400,000, an impending debt of $19,400,000, and is paying interest on $26,800,000.**

* * *

For the life of us we cannot see why the Calgary Liberals continue the fight at all. No one attends their meetings. Look at that ridiculous mass meeting advertised to be held in Ogden last Saturday night. The Hon. Tappie Frost and a battery of Grit spellbinders, motored out to the eastern suburb to address the excited electorate on behalf of the Sifton Government. Only one fat man turned up to the meeting, and he was a Conservative. The fat man, whom Tappie addressed as "this large and representative audience," had a long string of questions which he wanted answered. That settled it. Nothing doing. The meeting hurriedly closed with three cheers for Cappie Smart, and the fat man slowly dispersed.

* * *

The Liberal meetings on the North Side have fared better. Last week Candidate George Ross held a meeting at Hillhurst which was attended by four persons. Counting Mr. Ross himself, Jimmy Short and Deachman, there were seven in all. This was an improvement on Ogden, but then again, there was a Liberal meeting advertised for Riverside one night last week when not a soul turned up. Not a bally soul.

* * *

**As if our debt were not large enough as it is, the premier just before the session closed, ordered his henchmen to give him authority to borrow $5,000,000.**

**This will bring the debt up to over $19,000,000.**

* * *

How Sifton proposes to repay this, is a profound mystery. He probably intends to do as the Johnny does with his tailor, "keep on ordering another suit."

* * *

There are only three alternatives:

1. Provincial bankruptcy.
2. Direct taxation, under which a government tax collector would come round to you every year and collect a personal tax for the repayment of the public debt.
3. To elect a Conservative government and gain control of the natural resources and the public lands.

* * *

Out of seven demonstration farms, six are in ridings represented by cabinet ministers.

The first grant for these farms was made in 1910 and consisted of $125,000. It was proposed to establish with this money, farms which would, from the beginning, be self-supporting and which would show the average farmer how to farm successfully. The Hon. Duncan Marshall, the minister of agriculture, stated that this would be sufficient to establish these farms on a paying basis and that no further grant of money would be asked for.

One year later the minister asked for and received another grant of $145,000, which included $25,000 for wages on these profit making and self sustaining farms.

* * *

How do you Alberta folks relish the idea of paying out over $1,000 a day for one—just one—of Sifton's ignorant mistakes?

On the Brink

Premier Sifton could make a good thing out of capitalizing his undesirability, as so many people in Alberta would be willing to pay him to go off somewhere and stay.

* * *

**The debt of the province is $40 per capita and will approximate $48 at the end of 1913.**

* * *

And what is there to show for all this reckless borrowing and squandering? There is the parliament building at Edmonton, the usual number of school buildings, a few land titles offices, court houses, and a bum telephone service, a penitentiary at Edmonton and another at Lethbridge, and a lunatic asylum at Ponoka. That is about all.

* * *

We have always maintained that if the gentlemen sitting to the right of the speaker had only changed places with an equal number of the inmates of the Ponoka lunatic asylum, we should have had a saner administration of our affairs than that with which the province has been cursed since Sifton's advent to power. A pittance has been spent on good roads. We had almost forgotten that. No one knows where the good roads are, but that is a mere detail. Especially are they shouting their heads off about their telephone policy, claiming a surplus where a glaring deficit is staring you right in the face.

* * *

Alberta will have to keep for five

**All is quiet along the Bow—except for the exultant yells of the conquering Conservatives.**

* * *

**It is the kibosh, gentlemen, that you are requested to put on Sifton—not the crown. Remember—the kibosh, not the crown.**

* * *

Thus far in the campaign the Sifton machine has been giving a lifelike imitation of a freight locomotive trying to climb a grade after blowing out a cylinder head.

* * *

When we hear a man boasting about how awfully smart his wife is, we wonder if she was temporarily insane when she married him.

* * *

"I have called to collect the rent," said the landlord. "Yes," replied the lady of the house, "come in. Now, before I give you the money this month I ——" "Just a minute, madam," said the landlord. "I can save your time for you. I know the parlor isn't fit for a pig to live in, the dining room wall paper is a shock to people of refinement, the kitchen walls are a disgrace, and the back porch is a menace to life and limb. I'm also aware that you won't stay here another month unless the barber-shop wall-paper in the back bedroom is changed to something in a delicate pink, and I'm next to the fact that you are ashamed to have people look at such gas fixtures as I have provided. This spring I'm going to paint the front and back porches and

Alberta's future is assured. Another man will be put in charge next week.

* * *

The Eye Opener newspaper attains its tenth year of existence in this issue. During the beginning of April, exactly a decade ago, this sheet made its first appearance in High River with an output of two hundred copies. Its present circulation fluctuates between 30,000 and 35,000, never less than the former and rarely over the latter, although our last issue (March 29) ran up to 50,000 copies owing to the elections. In honor of the anniversary the editor had the whole editorial staff out to dinner, which means that he ate alone as usual in the cafeteria food mill and foregathered amiably with the tomato catsup bottle and the cruet stand. There were no speeches.

* * *

**Admiral sets off full speed for the Dardanelles under forced draughts of rum.**

In the bright sunlight on a railroad station in Georgia slept a colored brother. He snored gently with his mouth ajar, and his long, moist tongue resting on his chest like a pink plush

The name of far-off Jesse Willard was used for all it was worth to enhance the importance of last week's Burns-Pelkey bout. By some intricate process of reasoning the sporting editors had it figured out that if Burns bested Pelkey who had fought a draw with Willard who had outpointed McCarty who had licked Palzer who had knocked out Bombadier Wells who had been put to sleep by Gunboat Smith who had done something else to somebody else and so on and so forth, then Tommy automatically became once more the heavyweight champion of the world. This is nonsense.

* * *

Pitted against a topnotcher, Tommy could not today go more than six fast rounds, although, while going this distance at top speed, he would be dangerously near the Tommy Burns of old. Two and a half years of opulent leisure cannot be offset by three weeks' training. If Tommy seriously intends to meet McCarty for ten rounds on May 24th he had better settle right down and continue his recent spell of training with the most rigorous and self-denying course of work. But we doubt very much if a trainer could induce Tommy to do much road work, which is what he needs more than anything else. It may be laid down as a general proposition that no modern pugilist who is possessed of automobiles, a fair share of wealth, home comforts and club privileges, can train seriously.

* * *

We must decline to pass judgment on Tommy Burns' come-back on his showing against Pelkey. He had nothing to do but chase his opponent round and round the ring, Pelkey evidently having had the services of a trainer from a circus, who had been used to teaching horses to walk backwards. Tommy did all the work. The nervous Pelkey kept pecking Tommy lightly on the nose during his everlasting retreat, but so light were the taps that they would hardly have brushed off a fly. In one of the few mix-ups he happened to send Tommy to the mat, but was himself knocked down three times. Tommy's present capabilities cannot be guaged by this Pelkey person.

* * *

Tommy's physical condition is sound as a dollar. Even though much smaller in stature than Pelkey, he loomed up when stripped the bigger man of the two. Had the bout been for a fat purse of gold Burns would probably have taken steps to knock Mr. Pelkey into dreamland in the second or third round, while his wind was good, but the preliminaries had been so rotten that he probably wished to give the fans a run for their money. If Tommy is planning to fight the tough topnotchers a distance of ten rounds in the near future, and the usual twenty rounds at some later date, he had better take our advice and sell or give away his automobiles. An opulent pugilist, naturally inclined to obesity, who drives in an auto from his place of business to the gymnasium to punch the bag and then drives back again reclining in the cushions of the same comfortable car, will never get into shape for a gruelling fight. Tommy still has the strength and the speed, and no doubt his judge of distance and the finer scientific wrinkles of the game will return to him in due course of their own accord. The return of Burns to the ring depends wholly and solely on his strength of will nd determination of purpose. He still has the goods. All they need is a little overhauling.

* * *

One thing certain is that Burns, in a physical sense, is good for at least two more years' activity in the ring. Outside of a tendency to laziness and an inordinate love of automobiles, his private life is of the quiet domestic

We append a few items showing what the Conservative Government at Ottawa has done for the Western farmer since coming into power. After perusing these items let them decide who are their friends.

1. The Liberal-Conservative party since taking office in 1911 has relieved the homesteaders of Alberta of the iniquitous $300 house tax imposed upon them by the Liberal party in 1909, when Hon. Frank Oliver was minister of the interior. Hon. Robert Rogers while minister of the interior in the Borden government abolished the $300 house tax on free homesteads, South African scrip lands and purchased homesteads within nine miles of the free homesteads. This change has saved the homesteaders of Alberta millions of dollars and was the result of the untiring work of the local Conservative party of Alberta. Every homesteader of Alberta should vote for the Conservative government and against the Sifton gang.

2. The present homestead regulations permit a mechanic to work at his trade in the vicinity while performing residence duties. Under the Liberal rule the entrant could only work at agricultural work.

3. The Liberal-Conservative party since taking office has opened up for homesteading thousands of acres which were covered by blanket homestead entries and if there are even numbered sections in your district on which no improvements have been done, report the fact to the department of interior. The chances are that some heeler is holding the land on a blanket entry.

Millions of acres were held in this way in Alberta. The policy of the Liberals was the land for the grafters and heelers. The policy of the Conservative party is the land for the settlers. Look around you and see the large area of vacant land and enquire how it is held. Many are looking for free and purchased homesteads and the Conservative party is determined that all blanket entries shall be cancelled and be given to bona fide farmers.

4. The regulations now permit an entrant who has a homestead and preemption to sell his homestead as soon as he proves up and also permit the exchange of a pre-emption entry to a purchased homestead entry, all payments made on pre-emption to count on the purchased homestead.

5. The regulations now permit an entrant to prove up a homestead by substituting stock raising for cultivation duties.

6. The regulations now permit residence duties to be performed by living with nearly any relative. This privilege has been widely extended.

7. The regulations now permit a homesteader to work at harvesting and threshing, and his entry is protected while absent at such work. All homestead entries are protected against cancellation from January 1 to April 1, each year. No cancellation has any effect until after April 1.

8. All the above beneficial changes in regard to homesteaders are the work of the Conservative party since taking office.

9. A number of changes are required to be made in the homestead regulations and are being considered by the department of the interior, such as residence with a neighbor; reduction of residence term first year, three months, second year four months, third year five months, or a total of twelve months, and increase the cultivation duties to fifty acres in order to prove up. Also, abolition of the three years' interest on pre-emption as the

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and that no further grant of money would be asked for.

One year later the minister asked for and received another grant of $145,000, which included $25,000 for wages on these profit making and self sustaining farms.

* * *

How do you Alborta folks relish the idea of paying out over $1,000 a day for one—just one—of Sifton's ignorant mistakes?

* * *

$3,000 per day (over $1,000,000 annually!) is the interest charge against the province on account of both the debt and the A. & G. W. deal.

province has been cursed since advent to power. A pittance has been spent on good roads. We had almost forgotten that. No one knows where the good roads are, but that is a mere detail. Especially are they shouting their heads off about their telephone policy, claiming a surplus where a glaring deficit is staring you right in the face.

* * *

Alberta will have to keep for five years the members it elects next week. Therefore it should be careful to elect the right kind. Return all the Conservatives possible and thus be sure of making no mistake.


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ment, the kitchen walls are a disgrace, and the back porch is a menace to life and limb. I'm also aware that you won't stay here another month unless the barber-shop wall-paper in the back bedroom is changed to something in a delicate pink, and I'm next to the fact that you are ashamed to have people look at such gas fixtures as I have provided. This spring I'm going to paint the front and back porches and let it go at that." "Thank you very much," said the lady meekly. "You have saved me a lot of trouble. That is all we really expected to have done, but I was afraid that I should have to make the same old bluff to get that much out of you."

* * *

Dr. John McDougall, Liberal candidate in Centre Calgary, is such a fine fellow that it pains us to have to inform him that he is going to lose his deposit.

* * *

Gunboat Smith has unearthed a new punch that is destined to become as famous as the "solar plexis." It's the "occipital punch." Gunboat Smith landed it on Bombardier Wells at the Garden for two knockdowns and a knockout.

The occipital bone is the large bone at the back of the skull through an aperture in the lower part of which passes the end of the spinal cord. Gunboat's blow is peculiarly original—a downward curving hook delivered with either right or left hand. It is scientifically calculated. The first that reached the right spot at the base of Bombardier's occipital region practically defeated him. The second was his finish. It might have been called the "hospital punch."

The knockout came unexpectedly. Wells showed a lot of speed and cleverness. He avoided Smith's hard hooks and swings by a narrow margin and nipped in counters. Once when Smith pushed and missed a right swing the Bombardier snapped a short little hook to Gunboat's ear as he floundered past, dropping him to his knees. Wells, after the first minute, jabbed Smith almost at will, so that Gunboat's nose began to resemble the red, red rose. Yet, although he was hitting fairly hard, Wells wasn't showing anything like the smashing power he loosed against Palzer. He was very cautious.

And now came the "occipital" punch. Wells was fighting hard, Smith forcing him back and reaching him with hard wallops. Wells staggered and lost his speed. It was a sure thing that Smith would get him. Wells leaned over a little. Immediately Gunboat swung his right fist up and over and down. The glove struck the back of Bombardier's neck, hurling him to the floor. He took nine seconds and rose, badly dazed. Smith hooked a left to his chin and, sweeping the curving right over again, planted his glove with a thud right at the base of the occipital bone.

This time Wells fell in a heap, twisted and flopped out flat on his shoulder blades. Smith took one look at him, ran to the side of the ring and leaped over the ropes to go to his dressing room. "Because Wells is out," he said. And that was the reason, although there was no count. Wells was still tottering.

* * *

Manager Baker promises his Orpheum clientele another fine bill next week. There are only six acts in the bill, but what it lacks in quantity is made up in quality. Each individual turn is guaranteed. An additional feature of this bill is the Edison Talking Pictures, presented for the first time in Calgary.

During the fore part of the week at the Sherman Grand will be given "Scenes from the Durbar" in moving pictures. The films of "Bill Sherman in New York" were lost in a train wreck.

* * *

Nothing is wasted in Japan. Uses to which straw is put, after the threshing season, are seemingly endless. It is converted into bags for grain, shoes for the feet, raincoats for the body, roofs for the houses, paper mats, screens, beds and numerous other articles.

**Admiral sets off full speed for the Dardanelles under forced draughts of rum.**

In the bright sunlight on a railroad station in Georgia slept a colored brother. He snored gently with his mouth ajar, and his long, moist tongue resting on his chest like a pink plush necktie. A Northerner climbed off a train to stretch his legs, unscrewed the top of a capsule and, advancing on tiptoe, dusted ten grains of quinine on the surface of the darkey's tongue. Presently the negro sucked his tongue back inside his mouth and instantly arose with a start and looked about him wildly.

"Mistah," he said to the joker, "is you a doctah?"

"Nope."

"Well, then, kin yo' tell me whar I kin fin' me a doctah right away?"

"What do you want with a doctor?"

"I'm sick."

"How sick?"

"Powerful sick."

"Do you know what's the matter with you?"

"Suttin'ly I knows whut's de matteh with me—mah gall's busted!"

* * *

Everyone should duck into a bookstore and buy a copy of the Western Canadian Dictionary and Phrase-Book. It is a slang dictionary explaining in correct and eminently amusing style the multifarious colloquialisms in use in the West. It has overlooked nothing, not even the cryptic term, "B.S." Such terms as "Bughouse," "Spellbinder," "Soused," "Punk," "Put one over on him," "Live Wire," "Nothin' doin'" and so on are fully explained. The more respectable colloquialisms, of which there are hundreds, are admirably elucidated, and altogether the book (25 cents) is well worth buying. It is edited by John Sandilands, Winnipeg.

* * *

The English shareholders of that unfortunate concern, the Southern Alberta Land Company, Ltd., have just held what they call an "Extraordinary General Meeting" in London for the purpose of digging up more money for their project. The project is all right, but J. D. McGregor is in it.

* * *

A man never quite realizes how much furniture he owns until he tries to walk rapidly through his rooms in the dark.

* * *

The Liberals have been harping a lot on "Bennett's Elevator Combine and fifteen cent oats." Mr. Bennett is interested in the Alberta Pacific Elevator company all right enough, but this company is not by any means a combine in the sense they would try to imply. Compare its oat prices last week with those of the Co-operative Elevators in Saskatchewan. Its prices are higher and the freight rate is the same, 8 1-2 cents on oats.

| | Alberta Pacific | Sask. Co-op. |
|---|---|---|
| Ex. No. 1 feed oats... | 22 | 18⅛ |
| No. 1 feed oats ..... | 20⅛ | 17⅛ |
| No. 2 feed and rejected. | 17 | 14 |

* * *

If this is not enough, take a glance at the relative prices of other grains:

| | Alberta Pacific | Sask. Co-op. |
|---|---|---|
| No. 1 Northern ..... | 69c | 67c |
| No. 2 Northern ..... | 66 | 64 |
| No. 3 Northern ..... | 62 | 59 |
| No. 4 Northern ..... | 58 | 54 |
| No. 5 Northern ..... | 53 | 49 |
| No. 6 Northern ..... | 47 | 43 |
| Feed Wheat ..... | 37 | 35 |
| No. 1 rej. Northern.... | 58 | 58 |
| No. 2 rej. Northern.... | 55 | 55 |
| No. 3 rej. Northern.... | 52 | 50 |
| No. 3 Barley ..... | 32 | 26 |
| No. 4 Barley ..... | 30 | 22 |
| Feed ..... | 25 | 18 |
| No. 1 Northwest flax.. | 85 | 82 |
| No. 2 Can. West..... | 83 | 80 |
| No. 3 Can. West ..... | 70 | 68 |
| Condemned ..... | 53 | 49 |

It will be admitted that the Alberta Pacific is quite an eleemosynary institution compared with Co-operative Elevators of Saskatchewan.

will nd determination of purpose. He still has the goods. All they need is a little overhauling.

* * *

One thing certain is that Burns, in a physical sense, is good for at least two more years' activity in the ring. Outside of a tendency to laziness and an inordinate love of automobiles, his private life is of the quiet domestic kind that comes pretty close to the ideal of what a good citizen's life should be. His associates are also of the best. If he pursues a thorough course of training and sends to the States for a couple of clever, husky sparring partners, pays them well and makes them work, Tommy should be easily able to trim most of the so-called white hopes now being featured by our volatile and imaginative sporting writers.

* * *

It is high time for Tommy to get down to business if his published intentions about coming back are really genuine. He picked off $5,000 for the Connell fiasco at Edmonton; $5,000 for licking that mutt, Ricketts, at Saskatoon; and probably more than $5,000 for meeting this Pelkey person, whom not even the best posted local sport had ever heard tell of before. A $15,000 pick-up inside of a year shows the lemon industry to be highly profitable. The western public is getting a little tired of this. They are beginning to think that Tommy is working the boobs in "the backwoods" for easy money, an impression which does not do Tommy any good. The actual position from a public standpoint is this,—the local press during the last two

**Rainbow and Niobe steaming through the Dardanelles, receive wireless message announcing downfall of Sifton government. Admiral broaches fresh cask amid general rejoicing.**

years has been full of lurid dope about Tommy going to have another try at Johnson, and about Tommy making arrangements to fight Bombadier Wells in Calgary for $10,000, and again about Tommy going to meet Luther McCarty for another $10,000; whereas, all that has been pulled off has been three limited-round matches with three unmistakable lemons—or, rather, two lemons and one (1) cheese. If Tommy will only get down to business and arrange some ten-round bouts with top-notchers or with boxers of at least some standing—not only arrange them, but pull 'em off— he will remove some of the scepticism that prevails amongst the fans as to the sincerity of his intentions.

* * *

But after all, the chief item of information gathered from the Burns-Pelkey scrap was that Jess Willard must be an awful dub.

* * *

However, when all is said and done, Calgary sports owe a lot to Tommy Burns. If it were not for him, we wouldn't see any boxing at all from one year's end to the other. He has provided the fans with some very classy stuff out at his arena and we are all grateful. Indeed we are, Tommy. But cut out the lemons.

* * *

**"What Edmonton is to Central Alberta, Calgary is to the Southern part of the province. Ten years ago Calgary was a village of 400 inhabitants."**

(From "A Tour Through Canada," by Leo Scheff, appearing in serial form in Lloyd's Weekly.)

* * *

**The whole of the province, from top to bottom, is up in arms against the Sifton Government. At least one-half of the Liberal vote will be turned against the Premier. Sifton and his crowd are already on the run and and are even now toppling down the steep place like the Gadarene swine.**

regulations and are being considered by the department of the interior, such as residence with a neighbor; reduction of residence term first year, three months, second year four months, third year five months, or a total of twelve months, and increase the cultivation duties to fifty acres in order to prove up. Also, abolition of the three years' interest on pre-emption as the government will not accept payment until the homestead is proved up. No interest shall be charged on purchase price of pre-emption for the first three years. This will mean a saving of $72.00 to every entrant for a pre-emption and where interest has been paid, such interest payment to apply on purchase price.

10. Every homesteader in Alberta should go to the polls on April 17th and support the Conservative party, the party that removed the burden of the $300 house tax placed on them by the Laurier government in the interests of the British Columbia Lumber Combine. The Sifton gang should go—put the rascals out.

* * *

The following extraordinary revelations with regard to Sifton's unscrupulous election methods come from Didsbury and are too important not to be reproduced for the benefit of our farmer-readers throughout the country.

Recently gangs of surveyors were sent out running lines through the country west of the stations of Innisfail, Olds and Didsbury to give the people the impression that at last the railway was coming. But the government blundered here, because, knowing the whole thing was a bluff, the surveyors were careless where they went and strolled down the line a very short distance away from the Calgary and Edmonton line. A great howl immediately went up from the farmers who wanted the projected line further over to the west of the various ridings.

At once the Sifton government demonstrated its readiness to please the farmers by sending out other surveyors for the same line about forty miles to the west of the Calgary and Edmonton line. Now the gentleman who was sent out by Mr. Sifton to do this work was one Silverthorn. He is said to be a good surveyor, but he had one fault—so far as buncombe government is concerned—he talks too much. Silverthorn started out from the town of Leslieville, in the southern part of Red Deer riding, and as it was to be a pleasant little jaunt he employed a good Grit by the name of Forman to assist him. The latter believed that Silverthorn had been sent out in good faith to make the survey, but gradually his suspicions were aroused. In the first place the Sifton surveyor in inquiring his way across the prairie, always took pains to explain to the farmers that he was surveying for the new Strathcona-Pincher Creek line, which would be right along. Then he would invariably ask: "Who owns the next section?" The inference was that the line would have to cut through the adjoining section instead of the one owned by the farmer to whom he chanced to be talking as, however badly the farmers want a railway they do not like to have their farms cut in two by one.

Finally, Forman put the matter up squarely to Silverthorn that he was not surveying in good faith, and the latter admitted laughingly that it was true.

"The whole thing is bunk," said the Sifton surveyor, seeming to think it a huge joke. "I thought you would see through it right away because I was not taking any levels. It's getting close to election time and the government has to do something to keep these sore-head farmers quiet."

Contrary to Silverthon's expectations, Forman failed to see the joke in the matter and quit immediately. He was so angry over the whole affair that he returned to Leslieville and told all about it. If the Hon. A. L. Sifton has any regard for himself he will stay away from that town until the election is over.


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Duties.—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter-section alongside his homestead. Price $3.00 per acre.

Duties.—Must reside upon the homestead or pre-emption six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent) and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may enter for a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price $3.00 per acre. Duties.—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth $300.00

W. W. CORY,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

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## ATHABASCA

## The Calgary Horse Show

No mere man can figure out why it is that the little hats for women cost just as much as the big ones.

* * *

**Important!**

The Conservative organizations throughout Alberta must watch the ballot boxes like hawks. Remember the election of 1905 when the Liberals stole themselves into power. On that occasion the locks of ballot boxes were filed and hundreds of ballots damaged. This was done in Granum and in the last bye-election in Claresholm.

Get two trustworthy scrutineers in each poll, and two outside. Do not allow the inside scrutineers out of the poll all day.

Have the scrutineers at the poll half an hour before it opens. Let the scrutineers examine the ballot boxes carefully for false sides and false bottoms. Remember the Ross government in Ontario and the "Minnie M." Count the ballots and see that they are numbered consecutively.

All scrutineers are entitled to do this by law. Don't let the Deputy Returning Officer bluff you. Then sit facing the ballot box and don't let your eyes off it all day.

As each voter comes in look up his name and if you have any doubt as to his right to vote, swear him, and see that the poll clerk writes it on the poll book.

The province is full of Scott Government crooks from Saskatchewan, so watch everything carefully.

If any of our men are left off the list they are entitled to vote and can swear in their vote.

Get every man to the poll.

When poll closes, see that the ballot box is emptied on to the table and count the ballots yourself with the returning officer.

His readers that a man's facial peculiarities are an index to his character, so I mustn't omit doing it. His fellow-workers treated him with a certain respect and offered him their "Great West." Plainly then he was a person of some importance. To the foreman, a brutal Easterner, with no insight like mine, he was but Sapolio Zixbac—a Bohunk. But to his fellows he was Stefanoulous Xerces Dardanellopoulous Uicivics—the exiled crown prince of Theresavinia in the Balkans!

How, you ask, did a prince of ancient dynasty (est. 1894) of Uicivics come to be in this plight? Listen, my children, and you shall hear. In every history from "Rupert of Hentzau,, to the "Balkan Princess" it has been clearly proven that the average Balkan statesman is a sort of cross between Cain and Arthur Sifton. So you will not be surprised to learn that the Chancellor of Theresavinia, Nastikoff, had arranged that his son, Verri Nastikoff, occupy the throne of the Uicivics. As Stefanoulous, etc., stood in the way, bombs and other persuasives were tried to make him relinquish his claim to the throne. Argument having proved useless, the chancellor and his minions were about to resort to extreme measures when Stefan. himself played into their hands. He announced his intention of marrying a peasant girl whom he had met in the most approved picture-show style while travelling incog.

His father, already irritated by Stefan's youthful misdemeanors, was easily influenced by his crafty chan-

would be of benefit to every rascally railroad contractor, agreed to the banquet.

At the eleventh hour (23-o' C.P.R. time) it was found that owing to an accident to the Wetaskiwin flyer, it would be impossible to have frozen tripe at the banquet. What was to be done? Without it the feed would be a failure. It might even be regarded as an insult by the Bohunks. The committee in charge of the banquet, true to the spirit of the city which lets most of its contracts to outsiders, had sent to Paddy Burns at Calgary for the tripe and now they were faced with the awful possibility of having to buy the succulent edible in their own town. The Bohunk delegation, present to kiss the premier's toes, were asked if they would forego the dainty. As one man they answered no. And so the indispensible tripe was ordered from Swift's.

The gentle reader will here begin to smell a rat. Let him be thankful he did not have to smell the tripe.

Among the guests was Sapphira who represented the Ponoka lodge. Right lustily she ate and drank, and when the tripe appeared, grabbed the biggest piece. She was about to stow it irretrievably within her when her eyes fell on peculiar markings on the tripe. She gave a gasp of astonishment, and seizing the remainder of the tripe, put it in her hand bag and made a speedy exit from the banquetting hall. In a secluded corner she pieced together the tripe and there stood before her a message written in the Theresvinian patois. Freely translated it read:—"Father dead, I become king. Conspirators without about to kidnap me. Seek out Hollow Tree, Bunkum Heights, 70."

Coming right down to cases, the most practical, feasible and absolutely sane suggestions with regard to the administration of affairs in this province, emanate from the United Farmers' Association. Every now and again proposals from this source appear bobbing up on the surface. The Governmen affects a certain interest in this association—it dare not do otherwise—but it maintains a contemptuous attitude of indifference towards its suggestions, which, between ourselves, are usually sound and wholesome.

* * *

For instance, the United Farmers have just added the following fresh planks to the Conservative platform, given here in their original form of Resolutions passed by their convention and formally approved later on by the leader of the party, Mr. Michener:

1. That this convention is of opinion that the present system of road building is unsatisfactory, and that the Provincial Government should appoint a Road Commission, which would be in charge of the roads of the province and have their instructions worded in such a manner that they would have to consult with any local council or municipality before proceeding with permanent work in their district; that further, the Convention is of opinion that the Government should assist Local Improvement Districts, Municipalities, or organized districts with such a grant as would enable them to build permanent roads from their settlement to their market towns.

In considering road construction, permanency as well as mileage should be the aim.

Section foremen, empowered to hire help, should be appointed to keep roads continually in repair.

2. Until provincial hospitals can be established, in cases where the cost of medical attendance in remote districts would involve hardship upon any settler or his family, it shall be at the discretion of any J.P. upon application of any North West Mounted Policeman who has investigated the case, to issue an order for the payment of the medical fees on the Provincial Department of Agriculture.

In connection with provincial hospitals, medical officers shall be appointed to make a semi-annual inspection of the general health, teeth and eyesight of all scholars attending public schools.

3. As, owing to the action and attitude of the Liberal Federal Government, during the last eight years, the raising of cattle has been discouraged in favor of grain growing to such an extent that now, owing to the scarcity of cattle, the price of live stock and consequently beef has risen to an alarming amount; thus placing the price of fresh meat almost beyond the reach of the majority of the people,—

Therefore the Conservative party are strongly in favor of placing a bonus upon all two year old female stock kept on the farm for breeding purposes.

4. That companies engaged in railway construction in this province, shall be legally liable for all debts incurred by their contractors or sub-contractors in connection with their railway construction, either for work done, services rendered or goods supplied.

Railway construction camp superintendents to be appointed and given necessary powers for the enforcing of strict camp cleanliness and sanitary conditions.

Railway construction hospitals to be under the very strictest and continual medical supervision.

The medical dues demanded from all men working on provincial railway construction, amounting usually to $1 per month, shall be reduced 25 per cent., or at least it should be made illegal for the construction companies


## FINDLAY'S GRAND SODA FOUNTAIN OPENING

There will be surely something of especial interest to you. PERFECTION ICE CREAM EXPERT SERVICE. KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN FOR OUR ADVERTISEMENTS

Everything New and "Down to Date"

**JAS. FINDLAY DRUG CO.**
CALGARY EDMONTON


Advertise in the EYE OPENER, the best medium in the West. Write for terms.


## TABER

THE COMING METROPOLIS of Southern Alberta.

Located in the centre of RICH COAL MINING DISTRICT and Abundant Gas Fields.

We have a few guaranteed lots left, only FIVE MINUTES' walk from the C. P. R. Depot.

Inquire about this—IT'S worth your while. ALL INFORMATION CHEERFULLY GIVEN.

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CALGARY, ALTA.



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MEDICINE HAT - - - - - CANADA

William, Ont.


# ATHABASCA LANDING

For a Genuine Conservative Investment you cannot beat this: 50-ft. lots in the same blocks where some of Athabasca Landing's most prominent citizens have built their homes. You have the opportunity to buy some of our lots lying adjacent to their homes, at exceptionally easy terms. Our property lies

WITHIN THE HALF-MILE CIRCLE

**We Emphatically State**

Our 50-ft. lots are the BEST BUYING in the LANDING. Inquire about this—we can prove all we say—and more.

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Farm Lands and Inside Properties only handled.
Residential lots **$400** upwards, Business sites **$100** per ft.,
Improved farms, **$25** an acre.

**MACLEOD, ALBERTA**


poll book.

The province is full of Scott Government crooks from Saskatchewan, so watch everything carefully.

If any of our men are left off the list they are entitled to vote and can swear in their vote.

Get every man to the poll.

When poll closes, see that the ballot box is emptied on to the table and count the ballots yourself with the returning officer.

Then see that the box is locked and also that the hinges of the lid are sealed. See that the pins in the hinges cannot be slipped out and the lid raised that way.

Then accompany the ballot box to the Returning Officer of the Constituency and have a day and night guard on the building. The only way the Sifton government can win is to steal the election.

* * *

The following truly remarkable yarn has been written for the Eye Opener by a litterateur friend in Edmonton. It is called "The Quest of the Frozen Tripe."

In the gut-room of Swift's packing-plant at Edmonton all was bustle. The Bohunks, fancying themselves on their native heath attacking the Turkish enemy, slit and slashed the porcine entrails with zest and several sharp knives. As though oblivious of all else the Bohunk horde attacked the quivering entrails, chanting as they toiled the fierce death-song of the Flunkabos:—

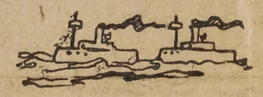
"Zxcvbnm allah, mzcuk!

Xczenoulous dzclef pinxit!"

As they chanted the inspiring lines their faces lit up with a light of patriotic fervour, and the porkers below redoubled their shrieks as they realised the fierce determination of their captors.

Among the men stood one whom the superficial observer might have passed by with a glance. But to the eye of a person accustomed to judge of men, to the eye of one gifted with an insight into the inner working of the Bohunk soul, this man stood apart from his fellows. The flashing eye, the two flashing eyes, in fact, proved him to be a man apart from others. The cynical, ardent, lopsided mouth, from which a liquid cataract of "Pay-Rol!" shot forth ever and anon, spoke eloquently of its owner's strength of will. His double-jointed nose stood out in splendid contrast to the globular snitches of his compatriots. As has been said, the casual observer would not have noticed these evidences of superiority, but every first-class novelist tries to kid he had met in the most approved picture-show style while travelling incog.

His father, already irritated by Stefan's youthful misdemeanors, was easily influenced by his crafty chan-



Grand rum fete on board fleet in honor of ladies of Sultan's harem.

cellor to disown and exile him. The king was enraged. "This is the limit!" he cried. "Stefan is always misbehaving himself. It was bad enough when he cut his mother's throat, but I never thought he would be guilty of such a piece of bad taste as this. I disown and disinherit him and give him twenty-four hours to leave the country. Escort him to the frontier!"

Stefan lost no time in beating it, and, being a man of foresight, in other words a wise guy, he came straight to this western land. "For," he soliloquised, "Western Canada will soon be a Bohunk republic, and I should stand ities were delighted. The more Bohunk a good chance then for president."

As for his intended bride—Sapphira Machstics—it was expected she would enter a convent and take the veil. Instead, she entered the local bank and took the cash register and the next boat for Canada. Some kid, believe mufi!

In the legislative chamber all was confusion. A banquet was to be given by the cabinet to the "United Bohunks of Alberta" then in session at Kinistino. It was felt that it would be a delicate compliment to the Hunkabo horde and an acknowledgement of the ready way in which they were always willing to do a white man out of a job by working twice as hard on less pay. The emigration author-muscle and vice in the country the better. It was so easy to please them. A white man would not be overjoyed at paying twenty-five dollars a month for a "house" without water supply or drainage, situated nearly an hour's car ride from the city. But the Bohunk is not so nice in his tastes. Drainage is a superfluity, and as for water—well, one needs it certainly to cook the "kaputchi." So the wise men of the province, convinced that their actions She gave a gasp of astonishment, and seizing the remainder of the tripe, put it in her hand bag and made a speedy exit from the banquetting hall. In a secluded corner she pieced together the tripe and there stood before her a message written in the Theresvinian patois. Freely translated it read:—"Father dead, I become king. Conspirators without about to kidnap me. Seek out Hollow Tree, Bunkum Heights, 70."

Without a moment's hesitation Sapphira boarded a street car and travelled about four miles from the city. Then she walked another four miles and found herself about two miles from "Bunkum Heights, Edmonton's choicest subdivision. Fit for a (cannibal) king!" She made her way to lot 70 and inside the tree found a packet. It contained, among other things, a plug of "Payroll," a map of Theresivinia and the patent of a homestaed near Ponoka. In addition were documents proving the identity of the crown prince. It was to prevent him gaining possession of these papers that he had been kidnapped. Nothing now remained but to find him and deliver the papers into his hands. Sapphira, with that womanly intuition which is the novelists' last hope, went to the Bohunk club accompanied by a mounted policeman. There she found her beloved with a bun on.

The coronation of King Stefan and his gracious consort took place a few weeks later at Degrade, the national capital. It was a sumptuous affair. In honor of the sovereigns, political prisoners were shot that week instead of being strangled, and the doors of the chief prisons were thrown open—to admit the poor of the city. Many great nobles were present at the banquet which followed. The services of the greatest chef in Europe had been secured and many and tempting were the dishes. But of all none was received more warmly than the chief item—a huge dish of frozen tripe.

After the banquet the king bestowed on Premier Sifton a much sought honor. He conferred on him the Order of the Frozen Tripe.

* * *

Each city of the West seems to have its turn of real estate activity, the turns coming around in uncertain rotation. They come on gradually, like a sickness. Regina real estate is beginning to bubble, and McCutcheon Bros., of Calgary are advertising a subdivision inside Regina's city limits called West Mirror. We trust it will reflect good luck on both vendor and purchaser.

necessary powers for the enforcing of strict camp cleanliness and sanitary conditions.

Railway construction hospitals to be under the very strictest and continual medical supervision.

The medical dues demanded from all men working on provincial railway construction, amounting usually to $1 per month, shall be reduced 25 per cent., or at least it should be made illegal for the construction companies to (as is so often done) retain from 25 to 40 per cent. of such medical dues for their personal aggrandisement.

5. The member should visit each settlement in his district at least twice a year, giving notice of his arrival so that he may meet his constituents and have an opportunity to talk over the progress of affairs in general, the needs of that particular section of the constituency and that an understanding between the members and the total population of the district may be established.

Establishment and endowment of Rural Hospitals and subsidizing of doctors in remote settlements.

A corrupt practices act that will eliminate election expenses to legitimate purposes and make men, not money, the deciding force in politics.

Thorough investigation into provincial finances, and complete public statement of finances made at the end of each year.

Administration of liquor license ordinance taken out of political control and placed in the hands of the North West Mounted Police.

* * *

It is said that in one of the villages of Carnarvonshire a Tory squire of a decidedly aggressive turn of mind met one day an old Welsh woman who was returning from the post-office with her five shilling old-age pension. The squire knew her opinions. "I suppose that some day Lloyd George will build you a special railway direct to heaven." The old woman looked at him full in the face. "No, sir, not exactly that; but what he is doing is making the waiting room a bit more comfortable."

* * *

Public interests demand the rejection of Sifton and Sifton candidates at this election. The voters should study the situation for themselves and place the welfare of Alberta above everything else. A continuation of the Sifton regime means bankruptcy for the province.

* * *

If we could see ourselves as others see us we wouldn't believe it.


**MEDICINE HAT** a Basement"

**A consistent increase in realty values is a more substantial indication of merit. "BURNSIDE" is our latest subdivision and our best. Lots $150.00 to $250.00**

**LEE & LAUGHLIN** REAL ESTATE BROKERS

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**- MACLEOD -**

An excellent acreage buy, joining the old original Townsite of Macleod . . . . . **$125 an acre**

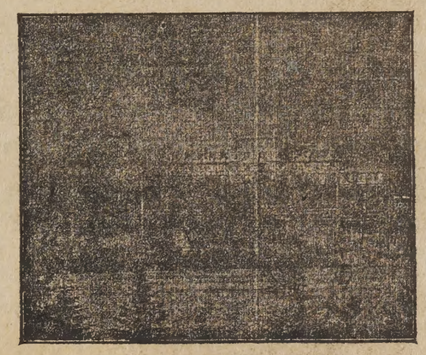
A central business lot opposite the new Municipal Buildings, 99 x 99 . . . . . **$110 a Frontal Foot**

PARTICULARS FROM

**The R G Mathews. Agency, Macleod.**



# The Chateau, Banff



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Under New Management

Thoroughly Overhauled and Renovated

Special attention given to the comfort of guests. Good cuisine. New chef. For further information, apply to

MISS M. F. McCOLL, Manageress.



# MEDICINE HAT LOTS AT $65.00 MEDICINE HAT

We are having plans made and lots staked out in a small subdivision north on main road allowance, which we will shortly place on the market at **$65** per lot; no extra price for corners. We guarantee the lots high, dry and level. These lots are the same distance from the post office of Medicine Hat as the subdivision of Glengarry, Killarney, Tuxedo Park, Manchester and Forest Lawn are from the post office in Calgary.

**LOTS IN EERY ONE OF THESE SUBDIVISIONS COULD HAVE BEEN BOUGHT IN CALGARY AT $65.00 WHEN THEY WERE FIRST PLACED ON THE MARKET, A MATTER OF A YEAR AND A HALF OR TWO YEARS AGO. TODAY LOTS IN SOME OF THESE SUBDIVISIONS ARE COMMANDING $1,000 EACH. IN NO INSTANCE DO WE KNOW OF ANY LOTS UNDER $300.**

**WE ARE OF THE CONFIRMED OPINION THAT LOTS IN**

## North Park Subdivision

**AT $65.00 EACH WILL ADVANCE IN VALUE AND COMMAND IN A YEAR AND A HALF OR TWO YEARS THE SAME PRICE THAT LOTS IN ABOVE CALGARY SUBDIVISIONS ARE COMMANDING TODAY.**

**WE SHALL BE GLAD TO GIVE YOU PARTICULARS ON THESE $65.00 LOTS.**

**TERMS $25 PER LOT, BALANCE 6--12 MONTHS**

## E. C. METZNER

**REAL ESTATE**

**MEDICINE HAT OFFICE**
**224 SOUTH RAILWAY AVENUE.**

**CALGARY OFFICE**
**211 ALBERTA LOAN BLOCK**

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Exclusive Stocks
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Vol. XXI.—New Series No. 2 CALGARY, ALBERTA, DECEMBER 9th, 1922 PRICE TEN CENTS

The Calgary
EYE OPENER
*Published at least once per month; more often when possible, by*
THE R. C. EDWARDS PUBLISHING CO.
1 Cameron Block, Calgary, Alta.
Alex Russell, Editor
Phone M1730

The little old *Eye Opener* will be published regularly in future, at least once per month and more frequently when the dope is worth it. It is being published by Mrs. Kate Edwards, widow of the late R. C. Edwards, M.L.A., trading under the title The R. C. Edwards Publishing Co. No other person or persons are associated with Mrs. Edwards in partnership.

* * *

**VOTE, FOR MAYOR, COSTELLO, 1.**

* * *

Let ther[illegible] Avonc[illegible] future of the *Eye Opener*, d[illegible] realize more keenly than we do that there will never be another "Bob" Edwards. He was outstanding in his century and to follow in his steps will be hard indeed. But we are firmly convinced that there is a need for the little old paper. "Bob," after quarter of a century's labor, had reached the height of his usefulness and power. He was cut off just when he had every reason to believe that complete success was assured for a number of his campaigns. His work will be carried on by the paper and to the best of our ability we intend to keep the paper bright, merry and sincere.

We are out to secure action whereby the real desires of the people will be ascertained. We are firmly convinced that only by a genuine attempt to get this can we hope for a satisfactory solution of the liquor problem. We are positively and immutably opposed to any movement that might bring back the liquor bars or saloons. And we are just as firmly opposed to the sale of hard liquor. We realize fully the terrible suffering that has been brought about by the bars and hard liquor. But we appreciate that the opinion of a very large majority is that the present liquor regulations are farcical. We believe that beer is the solution of the problem.

* * *

**VOTE FOR COSTELLO, 1.**

* * *

Seldom in the history of Calgary have two such high-class men as Dr. M. C. Costello and George Webster opposed each other for the mayor's chair. Both have rendered great service to the community and both have stainless records. But George Webster made a grave tactical blunder when he allowed his good nature to get the better of his good sense and judgment. At first he positively declined to entertain the idea of running. He had one year more to sit as alderman and could continue doing good work as such. In this his admirers agreed, and thought the more of him. He then allowed a few friends to persuade him to enter the fight. Meantime Dr. Costello, ex-mayor of Calgary, had announced that he was running and the fight was on. After Ald. Webster announced he would not run many of his friends promised support to Dr. Costello and they will stand by that promise. They are out to see Dr. Costello elected. It seems wrong to say Costello is running; it is too much like a walk-over.

* * *

That is so. Men are the architects of their own misfortunes.

* * *

If you want to ward off the "flu," don't keep worrying that you are going to catch it. And if you do catch it, don't worry. Worry weakens resistance. Don't worry. Of course, you know how don'ting is done, don't you?

* * *

**The Veterans are going to support Dr. Costello almost solidly. They do not forget his kindly assistance and support when they were leaving for overseas. When they came home he was instrumental, with the city council of the time, in securing for them the lease of the land on which the Memorial Hall now stands. The vote of the Veterans and their friends should be solid for Dr. Costello.**

**Three or four weeks before "Bob" Edwards crossed the Great Divide, he and Dr. M. C. Costello had a very earnest talk about the future of the city. Many matters in civic affairs had been troubling Bob. We had talked them over often and that night as I sat at his bedside he said "Sandy, we are going to put old 'Mike' over the top, back in the mayor's chair." He was delighted at the wholehearted manner in which Dr. Costello had shown he fully appreciated the points in question.**

**For a day or two Bob Edwards was buoyed up with the thought that he would soon be preparing his thunder for the municipal election. Alas, it was not to be! But perhaps the *Eye Opener* can accomplish that task. We are carrying out his wishes anyway and those who believed in "Bob" Edwards' judgment can carry out the tip he would have personally given:**

**VOTE, FOR MAYOR, M. C. COSTELLO, 1.**

* * *

The [illegible]est tribute that could be paid to Dr. Costello, and his real worth as a man, is to reprint what the *Eye Opener* declared on Dec. 12, 1914. Every word is as true today as it was seven years ago:

**"Taking the case of Dr. M. C. Costello, we find a true blue Calgarian, one who was almost born here. His 'folks', one of the most respected families in Calgary, arrived on the banks of the Elbow some thirty years ago and have thriven and prospered and enjoyed the esteem of their fellow-citizens ever since. The doctor attended the public schools here, was afterwards connected with the *Calgary Herald* for a number of years, and later on branched out into the medical profession. He graduated as a physician at Kingston, Ont., and subsequently studied at the Edinburgh and the London universities. Dr. Costello did not overlook the opportunity of broadening his vision by extensive travel in Europe."**

**"So you will understand that the doctor is no boob.**

**" 'Mike,' as his friends of the early days still affectionately call him, was a very thrifty person. While always willing and even eager to hold his end with his associates, he was ever careful of the bawbees. The bulk of the money he earned went into careful investments in real estate, and you can take it from us that in those gloomy old days it took a devil of a lot of faith in the future of Calgary to expend even a ten-spot in a 25-foot lot. Costello's faith in his home town has been amply justified.**

**"The doctor's slow but sure climb up the ladder has been due in a great measure to his clean, upright character. As a youth he was keen on athletics and many is the keen game of hockey we have seen him play in this city. He was a live one and took active part in pretty nearly everything that was going. Men will understand better how 'Mike' was then regarded by his fellows when we recall that he was the one usually selected to 'hold stakes' in a wager. This instinctive confidence in his squareness has followed him into later life.**

**"This was illustrated in a very practical manner when he ran for a seat on the council board. The magnitude of his majority was a fine personal tribute. At the last election the doctor was amongst the first six candidates who were elected by the city at large for the two year term. His opponents in the present mayoral campaign seem to be quite wrought up over their inability to discover where he got his sound business sense, but that he has already proved in council that he has it in a very marked degree, is cheerfully admitted."**

* * *

It is predicted that barefoot sandals, of the kind worn by the ancients, are coming into style for women this coming summer, but we doubt it. It will take a generation at least to produce feet that can be shown bare.

* * *

Possibly the living nowadays is worth its increased cost; but what good does that do if you haven't the price?

The Barrier.

The extraordinary and mysterious science of spiritualism has many new supporters since Sir Arthur Conan Doyle came to America. His excellent articles, now appearing in the press of this continent, are very interesting. Many are wondering if there is more in spiritualism than meets the eye.

* * *

A man was induced to attend a spiritualist meeting, although he said it was all humbug. A friend introduced him to the chairman, who begged the visitor to ask some question of the medium.

"Ask him where my father is now."

After the usual proceedings, the chairman said, "The medium has answered that your father is in Ottawa"

"Well," said the visitor, "he has made a mistake, for my father has been dead three years."

"I am sorry," replied the chairman, "I will aske the medium again," and this was the result:

"Sir, the medium says that there is no mistake, that your father is in Ottawa. The gentleman who died [illegible] your mother's husband."

* * *

**Vote, for Mayor, M. C. COSTELLO, 1.**

* * *

**Let's all get together and put Costello back in the Mayor's chair.**

* * *

**The *Eye Opener* has a wonderful record for picking out the winners. We would like the fans to help us maintain that reputation.**

* * *

**Did you note our change of address? We are now located in suite one Cameron Block, Eighth Avenue and First Street East, Calgary.**

* * *

**VOTE, FOR COSTELLO, 1.**

* * *

**A successful business man, one who has weathered the aftermath of the war, inspires confidence. M. C. Costello is such; all realize that!**

* * *

**VOTE FOR COSTELLO 1.**

* * *

James E. Worsley is a decent, well-intentioned labor man. We have known him for many years and we believe he is sincere in all he does. But what prompted him to run for mayoralty honors? He did not receive the nomination from the Dominion Labor party. He seems to have undertaken a forlorn hope through a mistaken spirit of gallantry. The four or five hundred labor votes he may poll would have gone to Costello and made "Mike's" election all the easier. We will say this, however, Worsley always means well!

**SOCIETY NOTES**

**We do not intend to drop this valuable feature from the columns of the paper but we will not publish any reports of the activities of wealthy matrons until their conduct becomes more in keeping with the tone of this paper.**

**For the next few issues we propose to answer correspondence from young women. Their mothers have told them nothing that really matters. And the Social Service League is too busy prohibiting.**

**There are lots of incidents in a young woman's life which worry her. She is shy about asking Mother and the information she would get from another of her age would probably be wrong.**

**Since prohibition and the bottle-packing habit have developed there have been far too many affairs in motor cars. Far too many incidents in the homes of the wealthy. Far too many curious things altogether.**

**Girls, we don't want your name and address. Your letters will not be published unless you make a special publish them. But we will give you a straight answer to the question that is troubling you.**

**Out of a staff of over 70 in one Calgary industry only two or three stated they attended church when asked by private vote. Many were young women and they gave various reasons. The Social Service League insists that young women should go to church. But they don't! So where are they to direct their questions?**

**Right here! Send your letters and we won't mince matters. If your young man is up to any shady work, we'll tip you off. If an urgent reply is desired, send a stamped addressed envelope.**

* * *

As we approach the festive season our thoughts turn to those less fortunate than ourselves. Few can support all movements to make others happy but nearly all can help one or two. If you want to feel you have done a kindly little act before Christmas just make a contribution to the Calgary Herald Santa Claus fund. This worthy movement has had our hearty support ever since it was instituted. It has never had one breath of suspicion or adverse criticism. That's going some these days.

* * *

Members of the Great War Veterans' Association are again staging a giant Christmas tree in Calgary for war orphans and members' children. See these youngsters fraternize, just as their daddies did not so very long ago, and you will want to assist in some way. The entertainment will be given in the Memorial Hall on Dec. 23.

* * *

**If any citizen offered an officer of the law a sum of money to do wrong, that would be bribery. If a citizen offered a woman money to do wrong most people would call it indecent. Not all, however. A Calgary woman was canvassing for signatures in support of a petition. Dozens had already signed it and trusted that she would see the document returned to the proper persons. But an individual offered this woman a sum of money to betray those who trusted her and to betray her own honour.**

**She refused the dirty bribe of $10 to tear up the petition but that didn't prevent the individual from boasting at a public meeting that he had tried to bribe her. Who was he? The daily press didn't publish his name when reporting the incident. It was a meeting of the members of the Social Service League. He is a male member. Is he a man?**

* * *

Lady Darwin, in a letter to "The London Times," writes about getting educated English women on farms in "the colonies." It is to laugh. Listen to what she says:

"I suggest that the Society for Overseas Settlement of Brtiish Women should turn its attention to the following scheme, by which educated women would be able to earn their living after emigration in more congenial ways than in private domestic service.

"My suggestion is, that a large tract of land suitable for mixed farming should be acquired. It should be situated in an outlying district, on the fringe of the country where pioneer work is still to be done. Here a house or huts should be erected, and farm buildings. It should be in a country where the preponderant race is white. New Zealand, Australia or Canada should answer the purpose. The Society for Overseas Settlement of British Women should select 40 or more women skilled in agriculture, stock-raising, pig and poultry work, in dairying and vegetable gardening. Women who during the war worked in the Women's Legion and in canteens should be selected to undertake the domestic work. A tea room might be started, to which the neighboring farmers or men employed in the lumber or other camps could come for occasional diversion. Also a small hospital ward should be opened, for I am supposing that a woman doctor and a few nurses be among the selected candidates. For the first few years the inmates would have to be paid a definite salary, but later, as the crops grew and the stock increased, it should be self-supporting. A warden or head should be appointed by the emigration society as the general manager by a committee of the residents. As time went on and the women married, their places would be filled by others sent out by the society, so that there never would be a dearth of willing workers. Probably a few unskilled workers could be absorbed.

"To such a settlement many girls, who now look at their future with sad eyes, would gladly emigrate, for they would be assured of congenial work, and would have the enjoyment of daily companionship with other educated women.

* * *

**Elections do not result always in the survival of the fittest. Let there be no doubt about this election. Mark your ballot M. C. COSTELLO 1.**

* * *

**No one can say a word against the character or personal integrity of Dr. M. C. Costello. When large numbers were profiteering "Mike" was guarding the interests of the city. Let's put him back in the mayor's chair.**

* * *

**Of course Dr. Costello will be elected, his election being virtually conceded by his opponents, but see to it that his majority is of the SWEEPING variety. Make it a thumper!**

* * *

**Dr. M. C. Costello's most attractive qualification is that he is not a talking person. He has been too busy doing things all his life to acquire the fatal art of spellbinding. That is a great recommendation to thinking people. Dr. Costello is worthy of the earnest support of all classes.**

* * *

**VOTE, FOR MAYOR, COSTELLO, 1.**

During the Piccarillo - Lassandra murder trial a little light was thrown on the activities of bootleggers in the Crow's Nest Pass. J. McKinley Cameron, K.C., counsel for the accused, when cross-examining James Houghton, Chief of Police of Coleman, brought out the information that there had been considerable shooting in the mountain passes previous to the murder. The following is interesting:

Q.—"Since this unfortunate affair you have erected some fortifications, I believe, to the west of Coleman?"

A.—"The Provincial Police have."

Q.—"Oh! The Provincial Police have, so that everybody that goes through there now has to give the proper sign, or be all right?"

A.—"I suppose. I don't know anything about that. It is out of my jurisdiction."

Q.—"It is only just outside the town?"

A.—"It is a mile and a half outside the town."

Q.—"I suppose it is fair to say that for miles, practically from Blairmore to the British Columbia boundary, there are miles at a stretch where it is impossible for a car to get through against the obstruction? That is fair is it?"

A.—"They can get through without going through the barrier."

Q.—"And without the Provincial Police being willing to let them through?"

A.—"Yes, sir."

Q.—"They can, so that the paper has not given the right description. You say that does not keep rum running out of there at all, that barricade."

A.—"To a certain extent it does."

Mr. Cameron: "It makes it inconvenient."

* * *

It is almost like the old times when they had toll houses on all highways.

* * *

For a long time prohibition legislation was respected. Later it began to get less respect and today the lack of respect is atrocious. While lack of respect is confined to one or two districts it is not very dangerous, but, with armed conflicts on the international boundary becoming more frequent the situation is fraught with dire possibilities. Being Scotch we are case-hardened against the time-honored jests against Scots. But there is just a danger that Canadians, Americans and others now joshing each other may not have such a high sense of humour as we have. Listen to this:

New York, Dec. 4.—The police tug Manhattan last night was ordered to pursue the Cunarder Assyria and take from her, "using force if necessary," two deputy sheriffs who, when the ship sailed, were attempting to remove 4000 cases of Scotch whisky from a cargo of 11,505 cases ordered deported by the federal prohibition [illegible] gave chase the Assyria already was well down the bay on her way to Scotland.

The deputies had gone aboard to execute a writ of replevin against the 4000 cases, issued in behalf of the Alps Drug Company. Prohibition officials refused to honor the writ, threatened to arrest the sheriff's deputies; placed two prohibition agents aboard to guard the cargo overseas, and the Assyria pulled out.

The whiskey had remained in customs storage since 1921 when it was shipped by Heilburn and company, distiller of Glasgow, Scotland, to an agent in this country. It was not seized by the prohibition officials, however, until recently, when it was consigned by the agent to the Alps Drug company and another firm, both of whom had permits to import and distribute wine.

Fitzsimmons hastened to the marine division of the police department, told the story and the Manhattan took up the chase.

Acting on wireless instructions from the authorities, the pilot boat New York took the two deputies from the Assyria at the three-mile limit and brought them back to the Battery shortly before midnight.

* * *

Wouldn't it be a hell of a note if prohibition caused another bloody war?

* * *

Fancy all that hard stuff on its second voyage across the Atlantic. Alberta bootleggers could have got rid of it in a month or two. But it is better out of the way. Beer's the only safe drink.

**While mayor of Calgary, during the war years 1915-1918, Dr. Costello proved so acceptable to both the council and the citizens that a movement naturally started to prevail on him to run for the office again this fall. He will be elected by a large majority if you record your vote.**

* * *

**Economical progress is one of Dr. Costello's slogans, and, if elected, he will do all that lies within his power to see that various public works will be carried on; particularly those that will give the workingman employment, distributing the work among as great a number as possible. This is one reason why labor men would not oppose him and why they will vote for him.**

* * *

The transmigration of Hon. George Hoadley seems complete. For many years he sat as a Conservative member in the legislature. Today he is Minister of Agriculture in the Farmer Government of Alberta and recently announced a panacea for the emancipation of his constituents. It is simplicity itself. George guilelessly states that as the government is precluded, by established rule, from giving preferential rates on government railroads to western cattlemen, he would force the Canadian Mercantile Marine to grant them. "If the ocean rates, approximately $20, were cut in half by the Mercantile Marine that would put $10 additional in the pocket of the shipper" he declares.

This simple scheme undoubtedly would put additional ten spots in the pockets of the farmers but if the operation created a deficit the Canadian people as a whole would have to pay the bill. A weakness in the argument is that the Farmers do not control the ships and the government at Ottawa may suspect finesse when representatives of a close group present the suggestion.

* * *

Hon. George Hoadley's suggestion for emancipation of the farmers makes us recall the wheat board. Many farmer leaders deplore the stoicism with which their proposals for the board have been received. They say the big interests are to blame for blocking it. Not long ago many were declaring that the deficit created by the Mercantile Marine was due to preferential rates, granted in order that certain groups or individuals might profit at the expense of the public. As far as we have noticed there is a decided lack of enthusiasm on the part of the general public in regard to the wheat board. In fact it is regarded with deep suspicion in some quarters.

History shows that wherever and whenever a wheat shortage or a monopoly is created the price goes up. Whether the middlemen or the farmers pocket the difference [illegible] as the staff of life—when them bread is necessary; it is life itself. Farmer leaders declare that a wheat board would secure higher prices for the farmers but there is no assurance that the public would not have to pay more. The tendency is to believe that in efforts to secure higher prices for their constituents the farmer representatives have given slight consideration to the consequences which must be faced by the rest of the population when, or if, higher prices are secured.

* * *

**We are not going to recommend any of the candidates for the commissioner's or aldermanic chairs, excepting Jack W. Russell. He is a square shooter and should get the support of all veterans regardless of political affiliations. He is nominated by the Dominion Labor party and is a past president of the Trades and Labor Council. As president of the G.W.V.A. for nearly three years he has shown that he is sane, just and constructive. At all times he has declined to allow the G.W.V.A. to be used for political purposes and is worthy of hearty support from all sections of the community. For Alderman, vote J. W. Russell, 1.**

* * *

This is a case where there is nothing in a name. J. W. Russell is not related to us in any way. He is a bonny fighter, and genuine man. That's why we give him this little boost.

* * *

"How do you and your wife stand on personal liberty?"

"We never discuss the matter. I can't afford to buy the stuff, anyway."

-And you get 160 acres for ten dollars!
And what's the Price of a glass of Beer?
Land of Liberty eh?
When's the first boat?
CANADIAN IMMIGRATION AGENT
BRITISH FARMER
SCOTCH FARMER
Forrester

Will They Come?

Not in the Meantime!

A radiophone is being installed by the C.P.R. on their morning northbound from Calgary, as the radio, incredible as it may seem, is said to be even faster than the C. and E.

* * *

The sleeping car porter was becoming impatient. For the fifth time in two hours he had answered the bell of lower three only to be told no one had rung for him. He sat musing in the smoker with a good-natured smile on his face; but it was annoying.

The young couple were experiencing the novelty of travelling "standard" for the first time. They were on their honeymoon. Why shouldn't they do everything properly? They were going to the coast but the smiles of the other passengers were embarrassing at times. That was why they retired early.

"Ting-a-ling!" the bell again. The porter was slowly gliding down the car when a hand stopped him. A whispered conversation with an old married commercial traveller made him beam again. He went on to lower three.

"Ya-s Bo-os, what do yo' want?"

"Oh damnitall! I didn't ring?"

A whisper—"Say bo-os, will yo' ask yo' lady to keep her knee off the bell push?"

* * *

Dr. Costello's record is clean and admirable in every way. As mayor he will do credit to those who elect him. Experience has shown that his administration will be characterized by the exercise of shrewd leadership, business sagacity and earnest care for the best interests of the citizens and of the city itself.

The citizens of Calgary must be gratified indeed to be told by H. H. Hull, secretary of the Social Service Council, that they are obeying the law "much better," as he is reported to have said when addressing a meeting in this city. Mr. Hull does not specify, but presuming from the source of his livelihood, he means the liquor law. The kindly interest of Mr. Hull in the people of this city and his patronizing pat-on-the-head attitude, lead the casual observer to wonder if he told his audience about the pending reign of terror which is being fondly advertised by supporters of his organization. May we ask if Mr. Hull disclosed the preparations for this violent attack on the demon? If he went into details about the hiring of a new army of lousy stool-pigeons? And if he made any attempt to capture his audience with the fascinating story of the dirty "inside work"?

* * *

One can imagine Mr. Hull, on entering Calgary by the North gate, gathering his stainless robes around him, lest they be defiled in the city of sin. Then, as he proceeded through the streets, probably down Ninth Avenue, one can see the smile of complacency gradually break over his face, and he arrives at his meeting pleased that he is able to commend Calgarians.

* * *

We presume that the absence of murder, arson, theft, or other splintered commandments, do not matter —not very much, anyway,—so long as the good and only 13th, "Thou shalt not drink," is obeyed. Perhaps Mr. Hull's commendation of Calgary will inspire local artists to emulate New York and raise up a monument to civic virtue. The subject might be a policeman, not necessarily in the nude, with his foot crushing a bottle of Peter Dawson. What ho!

* * *

Among the prohibitionists the popular dogma is that, those who do not agree blindly and submissively are Heretics. To such an extent has this been allowed to go that most people who would speak out remain silent, in fear of the odious appellation. When discussing matters of morals or principles how often have you heard men and women say they would support certain movements were it not for the uplifters and their influence on business? Is that healthy? When Uplifters declare for a tenet it automatically becomes Sanctified; all who oppose it are necessarily ungodly.

* * *

There may come a day when religious fanatics are forced to realize that those who oppose them on certain measures are not Heretics. Meantime we are content to let it go at that.

* * *

During the past year we have passed through an era of transgression unequalled in the history of the west. Lawlessness is rife everywhere on the prairies, seemingly unchecked. It is a grave topic of conversation and the majority know the cause yet remain silent. The prohibitionists know the primary cause and remain silent. Their supporters in the past know the cause and the reaction is making itself evident. Two years ago, when the world was awakening after the horrors of war, the prohibitionists were shouting that our prisons were empty; that crime had decreased since the liquor act was changed. To make such a statement today would be blasphemy. Even the most fanatical uplifters are silent on that subject. During their campaign to have the act changed they declared, and promised, that the closing of the bars would assure us of a respectable province with crime practically unknown. Today they dismiss discussion on crime by declaring they wish they could discover the cause.

* * *

Good laws, and a wholesome respect for these laws, are the greatest assets a nation can possess. Poor laws, and a lack of respect for laws, quickly undermine a nation. The people resent intolerance, or deceit, on the part of an individual or a group. The primary cause of the crime wave may be attributable to that resentment. British people, and most other people, resent nothing more deeply than being regarded, and treated, as gullible suckers. Immediately they come to the conclusion that they are so regarded they show resentment in various ways.

* * *

Most intelligent people were deeply gratified when the bars were abolished. It proved to be the thin edge of the wedge, however. Not content with the good accomplished the bigots of the prohibition party hastened to enforce their own views on how the personal liberties of the people should be restricted. By amendments to the act it was made illegal to have possession of beer in other than a dwelling house; it was made absolutely legal for stool pigeons, special liquor squad officers and others to search automobiles and passengers on country or city roads, for liquor.

* * *

There was no talk of such drastic changes when the plebiscite was under discussion. On discovering them, especially that their most sacred rights had been violated and their homes were no longer their castles, the Britishers and others felt resentment. Believing they had been tricked out of their rights, many, who had voted against the bars, began to show less and less respect for the law. Knowing they were perpetrating a misdemeanour many tried to purchase liquor or beer illicitly. The inevitable result followed. To secure a drink became a popular game; those who succeeded boasted of the feat. To meet the demand and secure big profits bootleggers started business. It became fashionable to hold parties in Mount Royal, Elbow Park and other residential quarters—booze parties. Young women, many still in their teens, started lapping up the booze, fed to them liberally by married men; it was naughty to break the law, but not really criminal, they reasoned probably. What matter if hundreds fell by the wayside through these misdemeanours.

* * *

The world was being purified by keeping an eye on Alberta.

* * *

Thousands of decent young women and men, who never would have entered a bar or a drinking place under any circumstances, have become drunkards. Booze has entered homes where it was unknown previously. Out in the rural districts private stills are being worked feverishly to manufacture moonshine which is burning the vitals out of the youths of this land. Records show every week that several stills have been seized and others rapidly replace them everywhere.

* * *

Murder, assault, robbery, forgery, arson, indecent behaviour are crimes abhorrent to all. The criminal code provides for them and the people regard these laws as just and righteous. The police have always been efficiently able to cope with such crimes, and have kept them at a minimum. Most people promptly assist officers of the law looking for these criminals. But ask any policeman and he will tell you that, since the liquor act was changed out of all semblance to what it was when the plebiscite was passed it has been exceedingly difficult to do efficient work.

* * *

The trouble is that when a plain-clothes officer arrives in some dinky little country town he is spotted by the liquor pimps at once. He is an object of suspicion and those who could give valuable information keep out of the way till the officer has departed. This is a dangerous phase of the situation.

* * *

"And do you mean to tell me, Patrick, that you have no sins to confess?"

"Indade I have not, Father!"

"And how's that, Patrick?"

"Well you see Father, we have prohibition now. I never had but two sins, Father, and I'm gettin' to be an ould man."

* * *

There were many unpopular laws in the old days which were evaded, even held in contempt, by our forefathers. In their wisdom the ancients quickly saw when a law was wrong, or bad, and changed it by compromise or by wiping it off the statutes. Equity is the soul and spirit of all law. To endeavour to enforce a law which was not popular proved fuitle in the old days and mankind changes little through the passing of time.

* * *

One deadly feature of the situation is that the extremists of the prohibition party contend that any loosening up of the law would be a great defeat. They look on the act as it stands as something that is sacred. They shout on public platforms that all will be well and that the press is bought up by the liquor interests. They either do not see or do not wish to see what is so apparent to the average man or woman.

* * *

Which reminds us that modern naturalists declare the legend about the ostrich is a myth. We still visualize that powerful bird, on seeing the danger signs, burying his head in the sands and screeching his native melodies through his tail feathers.

* * *

For the information of the thousands of Alberta men, who were overseas when the plebiscite was voted on, we refer briefly to it here. Discussion on the impending plebiscite was mainly centered on the abolition of the bars. A clause in the proposed act, wilfully or unwilfully inserted, proved very misleading. It stipulated that a limit to the amount of which could be held by a resident, at any time, would be one quart of spirits and two gallons of malt liquors.

* * *

Who would want more in his house at one time?

* * *

The plebiscite, which was voted on throughout Alberta on July 21, 1915 was worded as follows:

**ARE YOU IN FAVOR OF THE PROPOSED ACT, THE LIQUOR ACT?**

Voters were instructed in campaign literature and in the press, as follows:

"Persons who wish to vote for a continuation of the present system should mark ballot: NO. X.

"Persons who wish to vote for the proposed liquor act to go into effect should mark ballot: YES. X.

* * *

When the wording of the ballot became known there was much comment but no change was made and the voting resulted in 97,453 ballots being cast; 58,295 answering Yes! 37,509 answering No! There were 1,649 REJECTED BALLOTS. Calgary contributed a majority of 2,846 and Edmonton 3,197 in favor of the change. Fourteen out of the 55 districts voted against it. On July 1, 1916, the bars and saloons were abolished.

* * *

The changes in the liquor act, whereby it was distorted, reconstructed and twisted out of all recognition came later. It was found that, as the anti-prohibitionists had declared, the rich could buy all they wanted and the poor man could not secure a glass of beer. Liquor export houses sprang into being, notably at Maple Creek and Lloydminster, Sask., Nelson and Field, B.C. These towns, just across the border, were able to ship liquor to Alberta points at the lowest express rates. The fans found that the provision permitting "One quart of spirits and two gallons of malted liquors" as a domestic supply actually meant they had to pay express rates on all replenishments.

* * *

Another plebiscite was taken later in Alberta, this time by the federal authorities. It was for the purpose of ascertaining if the people desired interprovincial shipments to continue. The fans had worked up a deep resentment against the surcharge of express rates on these shipments. Residents in British Columbia were able to purchase what they desired when they wanted it. Residents in Alberta had to send by mail for their requirements, await delivery for several days or weeks and, in addition, pay about 18 per cent. extra for express charges. The voting showed a majority in favor of interprovincial shipments being declared illegal in Alberta.

BASED ON THESE TWO PLEBISCITES, the Alberta Liquor Act has been changed yearly until it could not be recognized by its own father.

* * *

"When the United States passed the Volstead amendment, the noblest act since Great Britain freed the slaves was performed," thus did a Calgary minister speak to his congregation, from his pulpit on Sunday night. He had just returned from attending the world's convention against alcoholism held recently at Toronto. After intimating that Ontario would stay dry (Attorney General Raney had said so) he argued that it should be remembered that Russia had prohibited the drinking of vodka after the outbreak of war.

Tut, tut! The United States voted to curtail personal liberty under the Volstead amendment. Great Britain gave slaves absolute freedom. The comparison is rotten!

Ministers who are making prohibition a religious issue are open to grave misunderstanding. Apart from that, however, did he suggest we should compare drinking countries with Russia? If so, the little old *Eye Opener* will have to start a campaign boosting birth control.

* * *

The revulsion of feeling against the "dry" laws has increased by leaps and bounds recently. This is the result of the intolerant attitude of the prohibition extremists; also the crime wave which has swept across the prairies during the past few months. Numerous prohibition advocates staunchly continue to support bone dry legislation but their influence is scattered today.

Murders, bank hold-ups, footpads, bandits, rumrunners, blind pigs and narcotic drug vendors have been so numerous that men and women are gravely analyzing the situation. Thousands, when prohibition was mooted first, were eager to give it a trial. Their opinion today is that it has been tried and found wanting. Prohibitionists in 1915 and 1916 vehemently declared the proposed legislation would reduce crime to a minimum. They declared later that improvements could be seen on every side. "The appetite for booze is being killed. The demand for strong drink is rapidly disappearing" they assured audiences.

* * *

These statements were reiterated by numerous speakers in Great Britain and during the recent election attempts were made to gain political capital from similar utterances. The truth about the situation is startling and statistics show a menacing, steady increase in crime and a per-capita

Beer Wins!


## Shop Early : for Xmas :

THE time is growing shorter. You can always get a better selection and better service early in the season and early in the morning.

*Practical Gifts of Beauty, Quality and Service*

**Hudson's Bay Company**
CALGARY, ALBERTA

## *Good-Bye, Wash Day!*

*Introducing our* **Soft Finish Family Service**

Under this plan we handle your entire family bundle, the personal apparel as well as the household articles; the flat pieces will be ironed, the remainder thoroughly dried. Many pieces of wearing apparel can be used without any ironing whatsoever. Each bundle is treated individually and no marks will be put upon the clothes.

***8c per lb. Minimum Charge 13 lbs. $1.00***

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*Complies with Government Regulations*

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EDMONTON, CANADA

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We are all in favor of economy in civic affairs---but we don't want that economy applied where it will affect us.

Isn't that human nature?

**The candidate who will promise you special expenditure will promise others the same.**

## Will Economy Come That Way?

Vote for these candidates who have the courage of their honest convictions.

**FOR ALDERMEN**

J. S. Arnold
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**CIVIC GOVERNMENT ASS'N**
712 SECOND STREET WEST
M 9932 M 9933 M 9934 M 9935

consumption of liquor which is remarkable, since attempts have been made to enforce the "dry" law. Official reports of police departments show the present conditions are seriously endangering the efficiency of police forces. Many Canadians have come to the conclusion that crime and prohibition must be inseparably associated.

COMING MONDAY

The Sporting Duchess

From the famous Drury Lane Melodrama.

See the Greatest Horse Race ever Filmed—THE DERBY.

Allen

There You Like to Go

GRAND ALL NEXT WEEK

ROYAL-COLLINS PLAYERS
in their 17th week
present the
Famous Rural Comedy
"SHORE ACRES"
with
ALF. T. LAYNE
and
BOBBY ROYAL
in the leading roles

It's So Real You Can Taste It!
RESERVATIONS
M3339

Temperance women who preach on the folly of others should note: It is almost criminal to insist on annual trips to the old country when you know your husband cannot afford it.

* * *

On July 1, 1916, all liquor bars or saloons were abolished in Alberta which was the first Canadian province to go "bone dry." Six months later, the chief of police of the largest city in Alberta, in his annual report for 1916 said: "Unquestionably householders are taking advantage of the recent decision that they may have unlimited quantities of liquor in their homes but I am glad to report that, from a police point of view, this privilege is not being abused to any noticeable extent." The prohibition extremists had this concession withdrawn. Since then the only lawful way to secure liquor or beer has been for medicinal purposes when prescribed by a doctor.

* * *

The crime record for the city referred to shows that in 1920 there were 814 persons charged with drunkenness (791 men and 23 women) and 117 persons charged with using or having narcotic drugs (103 men and 14 women). In 1921 there were 708 persons charged with drunkenness (671 men and 37 women) and 106 persons charged with using or having narcotic drugs (93 men and 13 women). The annual record [illegible]

1917.....3,180 prosecutions
1918.....3,575 prosecutions
1919.....4,123 prosecutions
1920.....5,090 prosecutions
1921.....5,057 prosecutions

The population decreased by approximately 5,000 to 63,000 during this period.

* * *

Alberta has a population of approximately 580,000. There are five centers of population: Calgary, 63,305; Edmonton, 58,821; Lethbridge, 11,097; Medicine Hat 9,634 and Red Deer, 2,328. The remainder of the population is scattered over a territory extending 800 miles long by 400 miles broad, approximately 225,000 square miles. Agriculturists predominate in the province.

In 1921 approximately 400 illicit stills were seized by the authorities, in Alberta, an increase of 150 over the previous year. In his annual report to the Legislature the superintendent of provincial police states: "In addition to the stills seized, thousands of gallons of whiskey and brandy mash, hundreds of pounds of raisins, sugar, barley, corn and other articles of 'moonshine liquor' were also seized by the Inland Revenue Officers. Some of the stills found were made from old copper kettles, boilers, zinc buckets, etc., and in some cases elaborately manufactured stills were seized. Another way these people have of making whiskey is to dump a lot of raisins into a barrel containing water and a little alcohol, and allow it to ferment. After it has rested the necessary time, the mash is drained off a little, and more alcohol added to give it the necessary 'kick'. It is very potent stuff, and a debauch on it generally brings the imbiber to a hospital, or a place of restraint. There is no doubt that the manufacture of moonshine whiskey is on the increase, and it is being brought into the cities. It is cheaper than the real stuff and readily sold."

* * *

We'll just build a still
On the side of a hill, and
Let the rest of the world go dry.

* * *

In another part of this official report the superintendent says: "There is a certain amount of resentment in the smaller towns and villages, because the cities and larger places were given, as one man told me 'Home Rule' in managing their own affairs in respect to the Liquor Act. He alleged that he or anyone could go into the cities and get what they wanted to drink without interference, while in the country the Alberta Provincial Police had buttoned in, and if a man wanted a drink, the best he could get was moonshine. He thought the people living in the country were discriminated against and that it was not fair."

* * *

This state of affairs is not new. In 1918 another chief of police was quite as candid. He said "It is true that since the Liquor Act came into effect the bootlegger has done a flourishing business; his profits are enormous and if he does happen to get caught the maximum fine provided for a first offender is small in comparison. This is unquestionably the reason why such a large number of persons are willing to take a chance. One unfortunate result of prohibition has been that persons addicted to liquor have adopted substitutes which are a great deal more harmful than whiskey; such as patent medicines bay rum, Florida water, essence of ginger, etc., etc. Irresponsible druggists and merchants are taking advantage of the existing conditions and disposing of these articles in a wholesale manner, knowing fully well to what use they are intended. I regret to have to report that the consumption of liquids, such as these described, is steadily increasing, and provision will soon have to be made to regulate same."

* * *

The increasing popularity of narcotic drugs is referred to in another police report as follows: "Apparently the stringent conditions governing the sale of liquor have induced a large number of people to indulge in the drug habit. The enormous profits made from the illicit sale of such drugs as cocaine, morphine, etc., are a great temptation for a certain class to 'peddle' these drugs. One unfortunate feature is the fact that a number of young girls have been led into the drug habit, not realizing the ultimate terrible effect of same."

* * *

The mistress was interviewing the pretty parlormaid, who had announced her intention of getting married.

"Of course, I can't prevent you from marrying, but I should be sorry to lose you. Your husband cannot live in the house—that is understood—and I'm afraid I shall not be able to give you a holiday for your honeymoon."

"Oh! don't worry about that, ma'am," interrupted the pretty maid. "We had our honeymoon three weeks ago."

"Ah!" said the lady, musingly, "Three Weeks!"— Heavy on "The 'Three Weeks'!"

* * *

The manufacture of alcoholic beverages is now considered a culinary art throughout Western Canada. Housewives exchange recipes for home brews and can tell to a nicety the amount of "kick" which can be got out of dandelion, raisin, beetroot and fruit wines. Raisins have doubled in price and invariably are "sold out" at the grocery stores. One enterprising firm distributes, to retailers, ingredients for "Non-alcoholic Home Brew." The essentials are Malt Extract and Imported Hops in separate containers. The printed instructions say fermentation, caused by yeast, should last for from 48 to 72 hours. A note is added: "The government requires that a beverage made this way should not contain more than two and one half per cent alcohol. You should, therefore, in order to conform with the law, add enough more water (if you find it necessary) while preparing same to avoid violation." These ingredients are sold openly in towns, ready for use. It is claimed the brew contains eight per cent alcohol but the instructions say "add enough more water."

* * *

The vital feature of the entire situation is the ever growing contempt of the law. This must inevitably undermine the nation. Criminal minds run "If one law can be broken with impuuity so can others." This lawlessness must be checked. We must bring back to the people a realization that Canada, and Alberta, desire to regain their oldtime proud standard of decency and tolerance. There is no room in Canada for bigots and vicious fanatics of any class. We must discover what the people actually want and let the wish of the people govern our destiny; it is safe in the hands of the majority.

* * *

One reason why hard liquor has gained such a strangle hold on the people of Alberta is that when it is wanted it can be secured on practically a moment's notice. The cognoscenti merely telephone to their favorite bootlegger; he promptly arrives in what "Bob" so aptly described as "a big whiskey six" and all is well. To deny that this practice is common in all parts of the province is futile.

* * *

The vacant chair in the Legislature should be filled without delay. The cities pay the piper and have far too meagre a representation in the house. The by-election should be decided before the next session commences. Who will carry out Bob Edwards' platform?

* * *

The old minister was very canny but he felt it a duty to apologize after drawing down all the blinds of the dining room. Carefully opening the secret receptacle in the sideboard he produced his decanter. Pouring out two hefty snorts he passed one to his visitor remarking "It's not what they see, you know, it's what they say they saw."

* * *

One of the most difficult things in life is for a really innocent man to look the part convincingly.

* * *

The reason his wife is so jealous of his stenog is that she once was his stenog herself. Ah, well!

U.F.A. Members in Convention.

One of the great arguments that prohibition advocates are using today is that California has voted for bone dry prohibition. Loud cheers! It is cited as a great moral victory for the "drys" and looks like one at first glance. But like many other arguments used by extremists it becomes more interesting when investigated. Here are some facts about the Californian situation.

The main question was to ascertain if the people wanted rigid enforcement of the law. And the vote, by a great majority, replied Yes! Those who supported the "drys" were the prohibitionists, the grape growers and the bootleggers. No need to say why the first and third classes voted yes! Let us deal with the grape growers.

Before prohibition the vineyards had been slowly declining in value. Grapes were selling at prices which did not recompense for cost of production and great difficulty was experienced in securing markets for the crop. The "dry" law brought many changes.

Hoop la! Immediately there arose a great demand for grapes and especially for raisins. Prices soared beyond the wildest dreams of the growers. Their vineyards became valuable. It was like the rubber boom which followed development of the automobile. All the growers became rich and money gave them power. Instead of having to hunt for markets they had telegraphic requests for options on the next year's crop. They could name their own price and get it. It was a great boom!

(According to the Alberta Provincial Police superintendent's report the merit of raisins for home-brew is widely known in Alberta, but that is only by the way.)

When asked if they were in favor of rigid enforcement of the law the grape growers mobilized their forces and their funds. Joining hands with the bootleggers they put over a vote which gave the "drys" the finest victory of the recent elections.

* * *

Of course there was a wee joker in the pack; a compromise for the wets. It is by compromise that most great achievements are won. Nearly everyone in California grows fruit, mostly grapes in the case of home gardens. So the wise legislators inserted a little clause which enables the "wets" to get a little liquid refreshment now and again. It provides for approximately four gallons of wine per week. That would be more than the average Alberta home would ever hope to consume. The official form to be filled in when applying for this privilege, or concession, reads as follows:

* * *

"I, (name and address), hereby give notice that on or about (date here), I intend to commence producing Fruit Juices for my family use and not for sale or to be otherwise removed or consumed, and that I do not intend to produce more than Two Hundred (200) gallons of Fruit Juices during the present vintage season.

"I further state that if I produce, or have on hand at any one time, more than Two Hundred (200) gallons of Fruit Juices containing one half of one per cent or more of alcohol by volume during the present vintage season, I will give timely notice thereof on Form 698, execute bond, Form 1408 or 1409, and in all other respects comply with the requirements of Treasury Decision 2765 and all other laws and regulations relative to the production and sale of Fruit Juices which, after manufacture, contains one half of one per cent or more of alcohol.

Is this Fruit Juice to be made by you for the use of any other person?——————

Are you Single or Married?——————
Do you live with your family?——————
Do you expect to furnish any ranch hands or boarders with any of the above Fruit Juices?——————
Have you any fermented Fruit Juices on hand at present date?——————
If so, state quantity on hand and in what year produced.——————

* * *

Of course, once the 200 gallons of fruit juice is ready it would never enter the minds of any to drop in a few raisins, as required. But this may get the Californians in wrong so we had better stop right here. They will probably get a prohibition law on grapes and raisins next time.

* * *

We found the following among soms papers in the desk drawer. It appear to have come from some source in the province of British Columbia. Looks like the product of a publicity department but as it evidently was prepared and issued in the interest of the coast province we'll shoot it into type and take a chance.

* * *

"At last we have found one spot on our regenerated continent where the cry of driety has been unheeded. In the state of liquidity, secluded by the Rockies, is the province of B.C., Canada. The uneducated say B.C. is shortography for British Columbia, but those who are versed in the once flowing art of liquidation will inform you that the latest issue of 'Drinkology' distinctly terms it 'Booze Center'.

"Picture, if your imagination is broader than a prohibitionist's mind is narrow, an oasis from which fountains of tonsil-cooling beer ooze forth. Though this may seem like a page from Omar it is as true as bootleggers' licker is not. One does not have to persuade a 'M.D.' (money devotee) that one is suffering from severe attacks that can be relieved only by the gentle trickle of Hennessey on the palate. We can imagine the shock of hearing, not the cry of the wild, but 'two dollars please'! No more patent fountain pens, walking sticks, gas tanks and other encumbrances. No rubber-soled pious-eyed brandy-scented sleuth to harrow your mind with his dogging footsteps at your heels. Your teeming flask may be on your hip and he is powerless to condemn you.

"At last we have found one place where personal liberty is respected. Bartenders no longer have to suffer the humiliation of serving ginger-ale and poisonous extracts that must be followed by a powerful antidote. No longer shall their conscience pierce them; the damning knowledge that they may be sending men to a wat'ry grave, shall no longer haunt them.

"The rail of brass once more shall be polished as in the prehistoric days when blue-laws were unheard of. We warn you one and all to come early and avoid the rush. The future of this Eden is as bright as day. 'The Fountain of Freedom' beckons to you. Why perish on an unirrigated waste of scorching sand where that unquenchable thirst tortures you?

"Behold! Our vast continent will be divided into three divisions; British Columbia, Mexico and that which remains. The blue-law inquisitors may remain with their non-intoxicants in the third section. Who wants to go across the Rio Grande? We leave it to you, gentlemen! Where is the land of the future?"

* * *

Now is the time for all good fans to come to the aid of the paper. If you have any good stories send them along. Bob used to say that out of each thousand stories he received nine hundred and ninety-nine were unfit for publication. His letter box was a marvel.

* * *

Here is one that was all ready for the next edition of the *Eye Opener*. It came from Vancouver at the time Colonel G. C. Porter was at the coast this summer:

**Four and twenty Yankees**
**Feeling very dry**
**Came up into Canada**
**To get a keg of rye.**

**When the keg was opened**
**They all began to sing**
**"To hell with Mr. Volstead**
**—God save Britain's King."**

* * *

A friend from Rosedale sends us the following, which is worth publishing:

Did it ever occur to you that a man's life is full of crosses and temptations? He comes into this world without his consent, and goes out against his will, and the trip between is exceedingly rocky. The rule of contraries is one of the features of this trip.

When he is little, the big girls kiss him.

When he is big, the little girls kiss him.

If he is poor he is a bad manager;
If he is rich he is dishonest.
If he needs credit he can't get it.
If he is prosperous, everyone wants to do him a favor.
If he is in politics, it is for graft.
If he is out of politics he is no good to the country.
If he doesn't give to charity he is a stingy cuss.
If he does it is for show.
If he is religious he's a hypocrite.
If he takes no interest in religion he's a hardened sinner.
If he gives affection, he is a soft specimen.
If he cares for no one, he is cold blooded.
If he dies young, there was a great future for him.
If he lives to an old age, he missed his calling.
If you save money, you're a grouch.
If you spend it, you're a loafer.
If you get it, you're a grafter.
If you don't get it, you're a bum.

* * *

**In office, or out of office, Dr. Costello has always been a welcome guest at any social function. During his term of office as mayor he was mayor to all classes. He always had a smile for the humble as well as for the rich. And it didn't disappear immediately after the polls were closed.**

It is good for us all to see ourselves as others see us. The following was written by an eminent American after visiting Quebec and studying conditions there:

* * *

The Province of Quebec is confident that it has solved the liquor problem.

It tried prohibitory laws and had graft, corruption, bad liquor, "blind pigs," increased drinking of hard liquor, increased drunkenness and an increase in all the evils consequent upon drunkenness.

Then it tried a temperate law. This law has now been in force about a year. Despite conditions that put it to the acid test at its very initiation, the new law has proved an amazing success.

I have just completed a fortnight's visit in the province during which I sought the opinion of all whom I had an opportunity to engage in conversation—and from the man in the street to the premier of the province, from tavern keepers to churchmen, newspaper men, chiefs of police, brewers, charity workers, house physicians of hospitals, superintendents of asylums for the insane. I tried to put my inquiry before a jury absolutely catholic in point of view, a jury that included those who spoke from self-interest and those who, qualified by broad observation, spoke for the interest of the community. Barring a few minor criticisms, the verdict is unanimous. Its substance may be boiled down to this: The new law is immeasurably better than the prohibitory laws that it superseded—it aims at temperance, and it works.

* * *

Here are a few contrasts with conditions in the United States:

The people are behind the law.

The law is observed.

A reduction in the size of the special police force created to prevent infractions of the law is contemplated.

There is very little graft and corruption.

The manufacture of illicit liquor and the bootlegging of it have been minimized.

There has been a marked decrease in drunkenness, and in the evils consequent upon drunkenness.

The use of beer and wine by in-

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|---|---|


habitants of the province is increasing, with a converse decrease in the use of hard liquor.

Every community in the province has the right to exercise local option.

Every individual living in the province, even though he be in a "dry" community, has the right to have beer, wine and liquor for his individual use.

The purity of all beer, wine and liquor legally sold in the province is guaranteed by the government.

The government, both of the province and of the Dominion, is making money out of the liquor business.

The breweries and the industries dependent upon breweries are making money.

The hotels and the industries dependent upon hotels are making money.

* * *

All the above-mentioned contrasts between conditions in Quebec province and in the United States are due to the intrinsic merit of Quebec's year-old liquor law, with the exception of the amount of money now flowing into government and business with Canada. The large amount of this is due to the adventitious fact that Quebec province has a big neighbor to the south that cheerfully spends millions to wander out of the straight and narrow path prescribed by Mr. Volstead.

* * *

Premier Taschereau believed that to find a remedy for intemperance was the gravest problem of his administration. Taking office in July, 1920, a radical liquor measure was thought out by the premier and his advisers, and a very carefully drawn bill that covers all exigencies (it fills 46 printed pages) was presented to the Provincial Parliament when it met about a half-year later.

* * *

Those who sponsored what is now the liquor law of Quebec, recognize drunkenness as a vice, harmful both to the individual and the community. But they also believe that a man has a right to the temperate use of beer or wine or stronger liquor. Moreover, they had had ample demonstration of the futility of prohibitory laws. Their problem was to devise a statute that would educate instead of attempting to force; a statute that would relieve the community of drunkenness without robbing the citizen of personal liberty; that would promote temperance without treating every citizen as though he were an incompetent unfit to be trusted with an alcoholic drink.

"The liquor problem," said J. A. Begin, controller of revenue, who drafted the bill, "is the result of two appetites, the appetite for gain and the appetite for alcohol. To work out a successful law you must remove as much as possible the man who makes a profit from the sale of liquor. The appetite for alcohol you cannot control by law; you can only attempt to moderate and guide it.

"One great trouble with prohibition is that it puts all kinds of liquors in the same bottle, and treats all in the same way. From the standpoint of intoxication, strong alcoholic drinks, needless to say, are the most dangerous. But do not therefore prohibit them, because, aside from any question of personal liberty, aside from the rights of those who can use whisky, &c., temperately, there is the stimulus of their use than experience invariably shows prohibition gives. Instead of prohibiting it, make whisky more expensive, less accessible. Make wine easier to get that whisky, and beer, the least intoxicating, **easiest of all.** Put the average man reasonably distant from the temptation of whisky, and beer satisfies all the demands for a stimulant that seem to be inherent in the majority of men."

* * *

I have said that exisiting conditions put the new law to the acid test at its very inception. Here was a government commission taking control of a trade in which, as Mr. Simard expressed it, "the lawless had got on top." The commission established its own police force. This was placed under the command of Brig.-Gen. Edouard de B. Panet, a soldier of seventeen years' experience, who went over in 1914 with the first Canadian contingent and fought throughout the war, his deputy being J. L. Chartrand, who has had many years' experience in police work.

Those authorized to sell alcoholic liquors began by taking the new law easy, but the summary revocation of 150 permits taught them that it was not to be monkeyed with. The commission, however, has not exercised its authority harshly. The tavern or restaurant keeper who sells beer or wine after hours is usually warned on his first offense. It is on his second or possibly even his third offense that, his permit is cancelled. But let the commission catch a man selling spirits and he is summarily laid by the heels.

To the American accustomed to daily newspaper accounts or high-handed action by prohibition agents, it is interesting to note the procedure in Quebec province. As has already been shown, the law under which the commission and its agents operate, gives autocratic power. Whether or not the courts would sustain all the provisions of the act (the right of entry without search warrant, for instance) is a question. But the question has not been raised. "The purpose of putting those drastic provisions in the act," said Mr. Simard, "is to give the commission the whip-hand. In the eleven months that we have been operating, our police have entered only one house without a warrant. That was a house where the violation of the law was so flagrant that absolutely no question could be raised."

Except in an emergency, where immediate action is imperative, no member of the commission's police force is allowed to take action on his own initiative. Preliminary detective work on a case is done by one officer, two are sent to gather the evidence which is submitted to General Panet, who in turn submits it to the commisson. The decision as to what action shall be taken is made by the commission. However roundabout this may seem to American prohibition agents, it has bred a respect for the law that impresses the American observer, with its novelty.

The commission, having the right under the liquor act to prescribe how taverns shall be furnished, ordered that all bars be removed, the former bar-rooms furnished with tables and chairs, and guests served only when seated at a table. The old-type saloon has thus been transformed into the tavern.

Of the 1,400 municipalities in the province, two-thirds were dry. Of these dry municipalities, about fifty have of their own initiative come under the new law, Quebec city being one of them. In September, four months after the new law had been in effect in Montreal, Quebec city held a plebiscite on the repeal of the prohibition Scott act. The vote for repeal was 13,471; against the repeal, 1,600; majority for the repeal, 11,871. On November 1, Quebec city accordingly came under the new liquor law.

Only cities and large towns have applied for the establishing of the commission's shops. The smaller towns hold to the policy of the rural districts of having no liquor sold within their limits, though any inhabitant can send to the most convenient commission shop and have spirits or wine forwarded to him by parcel post or express.

"This policy," as Mr. Begin pointed out, "respects both the liberty of the community and the liberty of the individual. If the community says that no liquor shall be sold, none is sold; but if the individual wants liquor for his own use, he can have it."

From the financial viewpoint, the new law is a great success. Quebec province will make a net profit of over $4,000,000 on the first year of operation. The Dominion government will have received in import duties about $5,000,000.

In accordance with its policy of encouraging the consumption of beer and wine and discouraging the use of spirits, the commission makes its biggest profit on whiskies, gins, &c. The Dominion government also puts its heaviest import duties on these. Mr. Simard estimates that about 80 per cent. of the consumption of spirits is due to American thirst.

The same adventitious factor is bringing quantities of American tourist money into the province during the holiday and summer season. Hotels are jammed beyond the overflow point. Reservations must be made weeks in advance. In Quebec the Chateau Frontenac is doubling its capacity, ground has been bought for a new hotel, and the erection of a third is contemplated. Montreal is also becoming a very popular place to hold conventions. During the last month a movement, backed by business organizations, railways, hotels and various sport clubs, was launched to make Montreal a winter sport resort.

The Montreal Gazette reports now that "the export of Canadian beer is gradually becoming an important part of Canada's foreign trade, a large and important competitor being removed when the United States, in January, 1920, stopped the exportation of beer."

So much for the financial result of Quebec's year-old liquor law. To indicate how it affects those far more important things—respect for the law, and the sobriety, the health and the happiness of the community—I shall give a condensation of some of the opinions that I gathered.

Louis A. Taschereau, premier of the province of Quebec.—"The new law is a success from a moral point of view. Under the old system we had discontent, lawlessness, disregard for authority; now we have satisfaction, quiet and obedience to authority. Credit for this moral success is due to the people of the province who have loyally supported the law and not hesitated to endure restrictions. For the new law unquestionably trespasses to a certain extent upon certain personal liberty; it is a compromise between the rights of the individual and the necessities of the liquor problem. It is recognized as such by the people of the province, and accepted in a spirit of good-will. Never has a liquor law been respected as well as the present law. It represents the will of the people—you can have no other law that works."

George Simard, chairman of the Quebec Liquor Commission:—"Nobody talks liquor in Quebec; everybody talks it in the United States. That shows that liquor is not a problem here, but is a burning issue on the other side of the border. We believe that we have solved the problem For one thing, the population as a whole is strongly behind the law, every day we get evidence that the people are satisfied. I will tell you why the average person is satisfied. If he wants strong liquor he can get it. It is true he must pay a fairly high price for it, but it is cheaper than anywhere else in North America, and, what is more important, we get the government's guarantee of its purity. Though he can buy one bottle only at a time, he can keep as much of it in his home as he chooses. He can get wine up to any amount, many grades cheaper than they could ever before be purchased in this province, and he gets the government's guaranty of its purity. He can also get his beer with the same assurance of its quality; the brewer's $5,000 license can be cancelled by a single stroke of the pen. A man can get his strong liquor, his wine or his beer legally, without subterfuge, without hiding. This is all that the average wet wants. There is not a line of advertising by the commission, no display signs, no salesmen, nothing to induce the dry to become wet. There is absolutely no intrusion upon the rights of the dry. Eighty per cent. of the strong liquor sold by the commission is bought by non-residents; within the province there is a marked and steady increase in the consumption of beers and wines. Our busiest store, the one that sells more hard liquor than any other, is the Peel Street store, convenient to the big hotels and the tourist trade. That store takes in thousands of dollars every day. But the [illegible] stores in Montreal, stores that have only a local trade, that on many days take in less than a hundred. The store in Marieville and the one in L'Assomption—two manufacturing towns on the Quebec Highway, populated almost entirely by French—are not even paying carrying expenses. Their income, however, will jump with the opening of the season for the motor tourist."

* * *

Sir William Stavert, member of the Quebec Liquor Commission: "When the commission first took hold there were a number of men on its special police force who attempted grafting. The number was relatively small, and they all got jail sentences. We believe we have succeeded in weeding out all men of that type. There are no complaints of oppression. The grafting enforcement officer is not a problem with us. The counterfeiter has been our greatest trouble. He has counterfeited the labels, chiefly of Scotch whiskies, and also the seals and bottle wrappings of the commission. But we have now solved this problem. We have designed a metal seal, very difficult to imitate, which must be destroyed before the cork can be drawn. We have also had a special watermarked paper manufactured, and all bottles containing strong liquor will be so wrapped in this that the bottle cannot be removed without destroying the paper wrapper. This paper could only be counterfeited by the employment of a large manufacturing plant, which of course is impossible. Within a week or two all strong liquor sold by the commission will be thus doubly protected from tampering, and the public will then have an absolute guarantee of purity."

* * *

P. Belanger, chief of police of Montreal: "We have had less than a year under the new law, but already there is a great improvement. A year ago a fight in the tavern or in the street was not uncommon. Now it is exceptional. So also there is much less complaint of beating and abuse of children. We still have drunkenness—people are not perfect and you cannot make them perfect by law—but drunkenness is decreasing. The arrests have gone down 780, about15 per cent., as compared wth the corresponding period for the previous year. And the drunk now is seldom the whisky, fighting drunk, but the sleepy beer drunk."

* * *

Albert Chevalier, superintendent of Municipal Assistance Department, Montreal (this department has charge of all public charities, including care of the insane, the poor, neglected and dependent children, &c): "There is a surprisingly big change for the best. Before those needing our help are admitted to the institution there is an investigation at the home, so we come in very close touch with actual conditions. There are now far fewer cases of non-support due to drunkenness, fewer complaints of brutality to women and children. We place about 2,500 children a year in institutions, and in going into the homes to investigate these cases we find a great improvement in the family life; the trouble used to be largely due to inebriety; it is now due chiefly to industrial conditions. The bootleggers have succeeded in hiding away a lot of their bad liquor, and this is a troublesome factor. But in spite of this, alcoholism is decreasing, and I believe conditions will steadily improve. We have a lodging house for homeless men. Before the present law we used to refuse four or five men every night because they were under the influence of liquor. It is now very seldom that we have to refuse a man for that reason."

* * *

Dr. A. H. Desloges, medical director for the Hospitals for the Insane, Public Charities and Antivenerial Campaign in the province of Quebec, and Dr. Francois de Martigny, surgeon of the Hotel Dieu and surgeon in chief of the Hopital Francais, Montreal, both expressed themselves as very much in favor of the new law, that it had worked a great improvement, and that they believed that that was the medical opinion of the province.

* * *

Dr. Williams, Bishop of Quebec: "I was in favor of the passage of the Scott act. I believed that such a prohibitory law was necessary during the period of the war when so many soldiers were encamped in the neighborhood of Quebec. But the Scott act was a flagrant failure. I saw such an amount of drunkenness—bootlegger got hold of so many, and robbed them and doped them—I saw so much harm done by those who sold bad stuff—that I was convinced that conditions were worse than under the old liquor system. When the present law was proposed, I gave it my approval. Thus far, I am glad that I gave it my support. It seems to work well."

Emile Trudel, chief of police, Quebec city: "This is the best law we ever had. Under the Scott act there were many bootleggers and the stuff they sold was very bad—a few drinks made a man crazy. There were many quarrels and much disorder. Every night we had about ten arrests for drunkenness. They were often bad drunks that gave us trouble. Now we have only two or three arrests for drunkenness each night. It is only on beer, and that kind do not cause a disturbance."

Colonel Clarke, in charge of the Military Hospital, Quebec barracks (a permanent garrison of from 500 to 600 men is maintained in the Citadel): "From a military standpoint I much prefer the present law to the Scott act. We have had no cases of alcohol poisoning under the present law, and we did have them under the Scott act. Some of them were bad cases of acute alcohol poisoning, the result, as near as we could find out, of a small amount of drink. There is now very little drunkenness sufficient to bring a soldier to the hospital. We have not had a case in some months."


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Tweed Overcoats, in plain or fancy heather colors; extra heavy rubberized lining, full belt or half belt styles. A serviceable all-year-round Coat; the $12.00 kind. To go in our Greatest Overcoat Sale..... **$ 7.50**

Wool Tweed Overcoats, heavy weight, with extra rubberized [illegible] greens and fancy heather mixtures. Sizes are 34 to 46. The $18.00 kind. To be sold in our Greatest Overcoat Sale at..... **$12.00**

Heavy Arctic Cloth Coats, heavily interlined, deep shawl collar, half belt ulster style; also brown Melton Chesterfield style Coats with velvet collars. All sizes in the lot to 46. The $25.00 kind. To be sold in our Greatest Overcoat Sale at..... **$15.00**

All Wool English Tweed Overcoats, in men's and young men's models, ulster or ulsterette styles. Full belt or half belt. Colors are browns, greys, greens and fancy heather mixtures. These are the best Coat values we have ever offered the public. Values to $35.00. To be sold at our Greatest Overcoat Sale for..... **$18.00**

Black Dogskin Fur Overcoats, full length Coats with extra large shawl collars. Heavy quilted linings and a warm, serviceable Coat. Sizes to 50 in the lot. The $35.00 kind. Also short Riding Coats. To be sold at our Greatest Overcoat Sale for..... **$19.75**

Here is the greatest Overcoat bargain in Canada. All wool British Overcoating, for men and young men. Full polo lined Coats, satin lined Coats, wool lined Coats, satin yoke Coats with check backs; raglan shoulders, set-in shoulders; half belt coats, full belt coats, and 3-piece belt coats. Colors are browns, greys, sand, lovat and heather mixtures. Coats that will please, coats that will give satisfaction, coats that are dressy. The $32.00 kind. To go in our Greatest Overcoat Sale at..... **$24.00**

Hirsh Melton Overcoats, ulster style, wool lined, deep storm collar, half belt style; also all wool chinchilla, full belt style overcoats, with large shawl collar, wool serge linings; hand-tailored coats; warm, serviceable coats. The $35.00 kind. To go in our Greatest Overcoat Sale at..... **$28.00**

Imported all wool British overcoats, made up in men's and young men's models; polo and satin yoke, piped seams, slip-on, ulster, raglan and ulsterette models. The choicest selection of cloth patterns. Colors heather, browns, greys, greens, sand and lovat. Hand-tailored throughout; snappy styles, and the $40.00 kind. To be sold in our Greatest Overcoat Sale at..... **$32.00**

# MacLEOD BROS.

*The Great Clothiers of the Great West*

CALGARY AND LETHBRIDGE

CALGARY STORES—Main Store, 1st St. E. and 9th Ave. Branch Store, 131 8th Ave. W.
LETHBRIDGE STORE—322 FIFTH STREET SOUTH

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*"Eversharp" Pencil in sterling silver with pocket clip, $3.75 Other models, $1.50 to $30.00 "Waterman" Fountain Pens, $2.50 to $12.00*

AS a gift for the busy man there is nothing more acceptable than a fountain pen or a magazine pencil—something that he will use every day. At Birks you will find a wide selection of the standard brands, "Waterman" and "Eversharp." Each article is covered by the Birks' guarantee and is daintily packed in the Birks' Blue Box.

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¶ Purchase Province of Alberta *"Demand Savings Certificates,"*

¶ They bear interest at the rate of 4½% per annum.

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¶ They are redeemable at par on demand at the office of the Deputy Provincial Treasurer.

¶ They are backed by *all the Resources of the Province of Alberta.*

*Remittances should be made by marked cheque, money order or postal note. All cheques receivable at par.*

*For further particulars, write or apply to*

HON. H. GREENFIELD, Provincial Treasurer.

M. V. NEWSON, Deputy Provincial Treasurer.

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Hart-Schaffner & Marx Suits
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# CALGARY EYE OPENER

SPECIAL SHOWING OF
EARLY SPRING SHIRTS
THE DIAMOND CLOTHING CO., LTD.
C. Benjamin, Manager
107 EIGHTH AVE. EAST

Vol. XVIII.—No. 2. CALGARY, ALBERTA, MARCH 6, 19.. PRICE FIVE CENTS

## EYE OPENERS

R. C. EDWARDS
Editor and Proprietor

Subscription, $1.00 per Year

Correspondents are requested to address us to P. O. Box 2090, Calgary

Phone M1730

True, this is March. But don't hock your overcoat for a couple of weeks yet.

* * *

"Sir, I am canvassing for advertisements in The Eye Opener."
"Get out! My time is valuable."
"Advertise in the E. O. and you will be so rushed with business that your time will be twice as valuable."
"Well, what's your rates?"

* * *

Calgarians are returning by twos and threes from their winter sojourn in California. We, too, wanted to go south to spend the winter, but having nothing to spend but the winter, decided to spend it here.

* * *

**Stop Press!** Arthur Pelkey is erecting a boxing arena in Ford, Ont. that will hold 800 fans. Ford is the burg where Arthur was recently elected school trustee. We predict a bright future for Arthur.

* * *

Said the father impressively to his irreverent son: "Suppose I should be taken away suddenly, what would become of you, my boy?"
"I'd stay here. The question is, what would become of you?"

* * *

The unseemly scrap which took place last week at the corner of First Street West and Twelfth Avenue between three ladies was quite a lively affair and partook more of the nature of a battle royal than a regular Queensberry bout. Ladies desirous of scrapping should apply to the Boxing Commission for an engagement. Terms, 60 and 40. No guarantee to local scrappers.

* * *

When we hear a woman say that all men are alike we wonder how she found it out.

* * *

The 250th anniversary of the Hudson's Bay Comapny will be celebrated May 10 with an elaborate historical pageant. This is a very old concern and but few of the employees engaged with the company when it first started business are alive today. Great preparations are under way to make the pageant a success and we understand that Sir Oliver Lodge, who is now on this side of the water, has been engaged to communicate with the spirits of departed trappers and hunters to secure their silent co-operation. There is no truth, however, in the rumor that Dave MacDougall is to give an exhibition of chasing a buffalo down Eighth avenue with bow and arrow, mounted on a fiery mustang, on this occasion. This is just a canard.

* * *

Was the sum of $20,000 per mile really expended on the construction of the E.D. and B.C. Railway?

* * *

The Conservative Opposition in the Alberta Legislature have gone and done it this time. They have chucked aside their very able farmer-leader and put in his place a wealthy Edmonton merchant.

* * *

James Ramsay is a successful business man, but that lets him out. Personally he stands ace-high. As a citizen he is one of Edmonton's headliners. Elsewhere he is an unknown quantity. We ourself have never clapped eyes on the gentleman. Why was he selected as leader?
(Business of pausing for a reply.)

* * *

One could have understood the sidetracking of George Hoadley, farmer and stock breeder, had George Hoadley proved himself an incompetent leader; but such could not have been the reason, because Hoadley has admittedly been a capable and sane leader of the Opposition forces. His attitude towards the government was closely critical, never captious. When the government introduced what he recognized as measures beneficial to the Province, Hoadley was always big enough to lend warm co-operation. At the same time he was not the kind of opposition leader to let the government "get by" with any raw stuff, being always the "Johannes in Spotto," or Johnny on the Spot.

* * *

The plotters who steamboated Hoadley out of the leadership were rather shabby in the way they went about it. They gave him no notice at all of anything that was doing and permitted him to come into the House and make the usual remarks made by the leader of the Opposition on the appointment of a new Speaker. Then the following day they got together and voted him out peremptorily. In this dirty work they only had a majority of two, and three of Hoadley's friends, General Stewart, Dr. Blow, Dr. Stanley and Jack Kemmis were not present at all. They refused to postpone the vote until these members arrived.

* * *

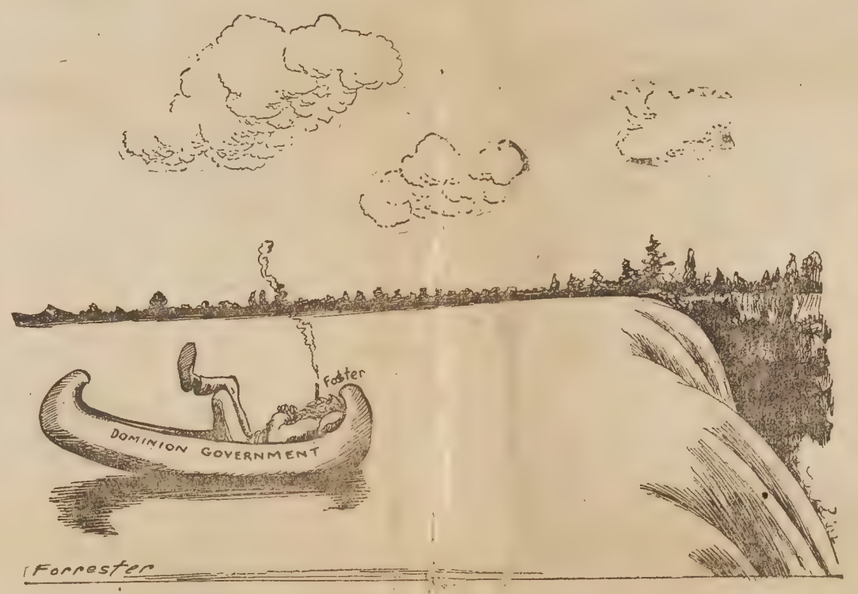
Still, we shall be surprised if Hoadley is not heartily glad to be rid of his thankless job. Being leader of a Conservative group these days is unpleasantly suggestive of an undertaker conducting a funeral, the group itself representing professional pallbearers specially engaged to follow the hearse on account of the dead man having no friends. Gruesome parallel to draw, isn't it?

* * *

We were once a very active Conservative ourself. The reason we are not so any longer is because there is no Conservative party to belong to. It is dead as a mackerel. As a party to be reckoned with it is non-existent. A few of the old brigade will hang on from habit or from congenital inability to keep up with the bandwagon of progress. Fresh ideas are elbowing out the old ones; labor is coming into its own; the farmer has already compelled long-deferred recognition; social problems are being handled from a new angle and nothing is allowed to go stagnant any more. Even the Church has caught the alert spirit of the times and is in the throes of a great Forward Movement. Things look good all round.

* * *

The very name, "Conservative," sounds out of place these days. It has a standing still and even a retrogressive tinkle. They will never get anywhere with a name like that. Suggestions, emanating from some boobies in the east, have been




## Smooth Sailing

A despatch from New York in the Calgary papers states that the house-cat promises to become a profitable fur-bearing animal. The pelts of the best domesticated felines brought $1.24 each at a recent fur auction.

* * *

Possibly it was the above bit of news that prompted some one to make us the following alluring business proposition:

Calgary, Alta., March 2, 1920

Editor, Calgary Eye Opener:

Knowing that you are always interested and open for an investment in a Good Live Business Proposition, I take the liberty of presenting to you what seems to me to be most wonderful business, and in which no doubt, you will take a lively interest; and perhaps write me by return mail the amount of stock for which you wish to subscribe towards the formation of this Company.

The object of this Company is to operate a large Cat Ranch in northern Alberta, where land can be purchased cheaply, for the purpose. To start, we will have about one million (1,000,000) Cats. Each cat will average 12 kittens a year. The skins run from 10c each for the white ones, to 75c for the pure blacks.

This will give us twelve million (12,000,000) skins a year, to sell at the average of 30c apiece, making our revenue about ten thousand dollars a day gross.

A man can skin fifty cats a day at $2.00, and as it will take 100 men to operate the ranch, therefore, the net profit will be about nine thousand eight hundred dollars ($9,800) per day. We will feed the Cats on Rats, and start a Rat Ranch next door. The Rats multiply four times as fast as the Cats. If we start with one million (1,000,000) Rats, we will have therefore, four Rats per day for each Cat.

Then we will feed the Rats on the carcasses of the Cats, from which the skins have been taken, giving each Rat a fourth of a Cat. It will be th[illegible]

### CAPITOL JOTTINGS

On being asked for an expression of opinion on the Liquor Plebiscite, the Hon. George P. Smith stated that he was glad to see Mr. Asquith win his election at Paisley. Without Asquith he added, the British House of Commons was like the play of Hamlet with the part of Uncle Tom left out.

Bob Pearson, interviewed on the vexed liquor question, displayed considerable enthusiasm over the new Irish Home Rule Bill and said that it ought to settle Ireland's troubles for all time.

Hon. James Weir, when asked his views on the forthcoming Booze Referendum, stroked his chin thoughtfully and expressed a desire to be informed as to who this Jack Malone was, who is to fight Barrieau on the 19th. The name, he enigmatically remarked, seemed to be a blend of Scotch and Irish. A happy blend, he admitted.

Hon. Duncan Marshall, asked as to the prospects of a bonedry Province, passed a glowing eulogy on the manifold virtues of Craig Masterpiece, the incomparable Clyde stallion, which, imbued with the spirit of the hour, believed in service.

George Hoadley has been approached on the liquor question and states most positively that the position of the Jugo-Slavs in relation to Fiume and the Dalmatian coast is untenable. The cheek of these Jugo-Slavs, he avers, is something fierce, and the dam Croatians are just as bad.

Premier Stewart, in an official statement regarding the possible outcome of the Referendum says that his government is a firm believer in sunflower ensilage as a fattener. He is arranging to have experiments made on three of the thinnest employees in the Attorney-General's department and if the results are satisfactory he proposes to establish a govern-

Now that "the House" is in session, both at Ottawa and at Edmonton, steps should be taken to prohibit the sale of Hearst publications in our midst. The Hearst magazines are not particularly objectionable, but their newspapers, the San Francisco Examiner, Chicago American and New York Journal, are too insultingly anti-British to be tolerated any longer.

* * *

Our attention has been drawn to an article which appeared in The S. F. Examiner, of date Sunday, January 25. The main burden of this article, which is written by the well known writer, James M. Connelly, is an attack on Admiral Sims of the U.S.A. Navy, and in order to make his points stronger he incorporates a collection of envenomed lies about about Great Britain, the Tommies and the British fleet. This stuff should not be permitted to circulate in Canada.

* * *

Here is a sample paragraph from the S. F. Examiner's specially featured article:

**"Every naval man knows that the Germans gave the British an awful walloping at Jutland, and that Jellicoe's part in it was a disgrace."**

This paragraph was printed in blackface type, same as we have it here, so as to catch the special attention of the reader.

* * *

Comes the statement: "Six months before we were drawn into the war they were licked and were hanging on by their toes. Was it any wonder that wherever any of our fellows were camped in the British Isles they took to going around and beating up the "limies" and "Tommies."?

* * *

"Jellicoe had his chance at Jutland," continues the article. He came within range of the enemy with a tremedous

A young friend of ours recently got married and, on being chaffed about it, made some lame explanation about being sick of the grub dished up in Calgary restaurants. Of course he had a much better and more sensible reason for marrying than that, but it served the purpose of the moment. It reminded us of the nuptials of one McSwilligan here in Calgary ,long, long ago. He is pushing daisies now and won't know we are writing about him.

* * *

A bunch of us fellows boarded at a little restaurant on Centre street, McSwilligan being what might be called the star boarder, because he was the worst kicker. He decided to get married.

At breakfast on the day of his wedding he gave vent to a few jibes at our expense.

"This, thank God! is the last meal I take at this joint!" he cried. "After a brief wedding trip to Banff, I'll be at home with my bride, my blushing bride. That'll be the real stuff! When I'm seated at my own table, in my own cosy little dining room, with the best little woman in the world pouring out the Java, I'll think of you unfortunate brutes with pity. I will, for a fact."

The above ebullition occurred years ago, but it still rings in our ears. Mr. McSwilligan—that wasn't his real name, but it applies, because he was a famed booze artist—McSwilligan was a great and extra special friend of ours. We were David and Jonathan, Castor and Pollux, Damon and Pythias, Tom and Jerry. We were the two orphans, the babes in the wood. So after the happy couple returned from Banff, McSwilligan suggested that we should live with them.

We were not infatuated with the idea, because at the table where we fed our face we were a man of consequence and had a stand-in with the young lady who slung the hash. But Mrs. McSwilligan joined her husband so earnestly in begging us to come and board and lodge at their house that in an evil moment we consented.

Packing our personal effects in an empty "Irving" cigar box, we moved to the abode of the newly married pair, away out in the Bankview direction, although there was no regular Bankview in those days, There were no street cars, nor were there any sidewalks up to the little house on the brow of the hill.

The bride did all the housework with her own fair hands. She was a fine woman in every respect. The only fault that could be found with her was that she had an uncanny sense of smell. You couldn't leave a flask of whiskey in the top bureau drawer but she would find it and throw it out. Otherwise she was all right.

She wasn't half a bad cook for a beginner and could cook simple things rather well. Her pies left much to be desired, but she was hell on steaks and potatoes and onions and that sort of thing. In fact, everything was O.K. except for one somewhat disconcerting stunt that went with both breakfast and dinner, for we just took the two meals, it being too far to walk noons.

At these meals McSwilligan would try to assist his wife carrying in the junk from the kitchen and all through the repast they were both rushing in and out, saying, "Let me get it, dear!" "No, darling, I'll get it!" and sometimes they would collide at the kitchen door and everything would go hellitysplit all over the floor. This left us sitting alone at the table, feeling uncomfortable and wishing we were back chewing at the old joint with the congenial drunks.

Local pecuniary assistance has been invoked rather strenuously to assist the drought victims in the southern part of the Province. The Calgary Herald and various organizations (Red Cross and others) have done splendid work in rendering substantial assistance, but amongst those missing from the list of donors are the names of Eaton and of Simpson, both being Toronto merchants who during the past years have taken thousands upon thousands of dollars from those same farmers who now, through climatic mishap, find themselves right up against it for the bare necessities of life.

* * *

These two big Toronto mail order houses, Eaton's and Simpson's, should have rushed to the aid of their western customers the moment they heard of their misfortune. No excuse about not knowing anything about it can be accepted, because The Herald has advertised the situation extensively enough, perhaps too extensively. Sir John Eaton is well known throughout Canada as a generous chap with his money and general surprise has been expressed that he hasn't yet come through with a liberal donation. The sufferers have been good to him and he ought to reciprocate.

* * *

We don't know anything about Simpson, the other eastern mail order [illegible] but it is up to him also to come thro and look pleasant.

* * *

It is far from exaggeration to say that Eaton's and Simpson's mail order departments take millions of dollars out of Western Canada every year. The depot platforms of western burgs, including Calgary, are daily cluttered with express parcels from those two firms. Whether this is due to the high prices charged for articles by western retail merchants or whether it is just the lure of attractive catalogues sent broadcast periodically, we cannot say; but whichever it is, the habit of "sending away" is a pernicious one, at least in theory.

* * *

In practice, however, nothing can be said against it when the prices demanded by western retail merchants are set too high to conform to the size of the ordinary person's pocketbook. The fact that women are the ones who have the "sending away" habit most highly developed, would indicate that articles of women's attire are too dear in western stores. If this be so, then our merchants have only themselves to blame.

* * *

Put yourself in the place of a woman with a small growing family and a husband in the wage-earning category. This woman has just so much to spend every month—so much, not a penny more—and she has to make this amount spin out to the best advantage. Her kids need clothes and shoes, her husband needs some underwear perhaps, while she, peradventure, could do with a new blouse. She goes to the local stores and looks around, finding most of the articles she needs marked at prices which to her seem out of all reason. The clerks tell her that everything has gone up owing to the war, to shortage of cotton, to this and to that cause. Flabbergasted, she returns home and a neighbour lends her an Eaton's or a Simpson's catalogue. No use laboring this subject any further. If the prices set forth in these catalogues for identically the same articles are a half or one-third cheaper, what would be this woman's logical course to pursue?

What would you say, for instance?

that Dave MacDougall is to give an exhibition of chasing a buffalo down Eighth avenue with bow and arrow, mounted on a fiery mustang, on this occasion. This is just a canard.

* * *

Was the sum of $20,000 per mile really expended on the construction of the E.D. and B.C. Railway?

* * *

"So you deceived your husband," said the judge gravely.

"On the contrary, my lord, he deceived me. He said he was going out of town and he didn't go."

* * *

An address on Spiritualism, followed by a regular sceance with spirits, was given by a visiting lady medium at the Hood and Irvine Hall in Calgary a few evenings ago. A large audience filled the hall. The lady claimed that W. T. Stead spoke to her from the other world. Mr. W. W. Bell, another leader in spiritualist circles, announced that Sir Wilfrid Laurier would deliver a message through him next Sunday (tomorrow.) We must take this in. It will be interesting to hear what Sir Wilfrid has to say of the Union Government. But this business is nothing new in Calgary. There has never been any difficulty in getting in touch with spirits here.

* * *

What has become of those two popular gentlemen, the governor of North Carolina and the governor of South Carolina?

* * *

**On March 19 the Calgary Boxing Commission are putting on a programme which ought to draw the fans to the Bull Ring Coliseum in vast numbers. The contestants in main bout will be Jock Malone, of St. Paul, and Frank Barrieau, of the coast, men of renown as welterweight ring artists.**

* * *

**The semi-final will be between Solly Burns, of Minneapolis, and Jimmy Clarke, of Vancouver, lightweights. The Commission has been fortunate in securing such favorably known boxers as these four mentioned, for main bout and semi-final, but the matchmakers just took their time looking around, and we fancy they have made no mistake.**

* * *

**In looking up Jock Malone's pedigree in Andrew's Record Book, 1919, we find that a majority of his fights have been "no decision" affairs. We trust that it will be duly impressed on Jock when he reaches Calgary that the local fans won't stand for any of this "no decision" exhibition stuff. Boxers who come here on liberal terms, with transportation paid, are expected to deliver the real goods in the ring.**

Forward Movement. Things look good all round.

* * *

The very name, "Conservative," sounds out of place these days. It has a standing still and even a retrogressive tinkle. They will never get anywhere with a name like that. Suggestions, emanating from some boobies in the east, have been [illegible] that a party called the "National Party" should be organized, but they can't fool us out here with raw camouflage of that sort. It would just be the old hidebound, high-protectionist, Manufacturers' Association party over again, operating under a deliberately misleading name.

* * *

The Stewart government comes pretty near to being all that a western provincial government ought to be. It is made up of farmers, professional and general business men. The only element lacking is that of Labor and it must have often occurred to outsiders that the present labor representative in the House, Alex Ross, might well be offered a seat in the cabinet. Concrete results is what Labor is after, and it strikes one that a genial spirit like Ross could make more headway on behalf of the class he represents by being in close, intimate, personal touch with the cabinet itself, than by delivering sharp and querulous speeches from the cross-benches.

* * *

Ev'ry morning I go for a drive in the park,
And Johnny goes too, Johnny goes too,
Ev'ry afternoon I go for a lark.
And Johnny goes too, Johnny goes too;
Ev'ry evening we go to some nice picture show,
And we don't get home 'till the lights burn low;
Then straight to my cozy bed I go,
And Johnny goes to, Johnny goes to—his home across the way.

* * *

Jones was late again, as usual. When he strolled coolly into the office at half-past ten, the "boss" was storming up and down.

"Do you know what time we begin work here?" he asked the late arrival with deep sarcasm.

Jones took off his coat and hat, hung them up, and strolled across to his desk.

"No, sir, can't say I do exactly," he replied; "but they're always at it when I get here."

* * *

New Zealand having voted to stay wet will attract most of the British immigration this year. Few Britishers will go to the trouble of emigrating to a dry country. They will rather stay where they are.

the Cats on Rats, and start a Rat Ranch next door. The Rats multiply four times as fast as the Cats. If we start with one million (1,000,000) Rats, we will have therefore, four Rats per day for each Cat.

Then we will feed the Rats on the carcasses of the Cats, from which the skins have been taken, giving each Rat a fourth of a Cat. It will be thus seen that the business will be self-acting and automatic all the way through—the Cats will eat the Rats and the Rats will eat the Cats, and we will have the skins.

Awaiting your prompt reply, and trusting that you will appreciate this opportunity to get rich very quickly, I remain,

Yours very truly,

J. G. CATTARATT.

P.S.—Eventually we will cross the Cats with Snakes and then they will skin themselves once a year, and thus save the cost of the men's wages for skinning them.—J. G. C.

* * *

This cat-raising proposition is almost as alluring as the poultry-raising stunt. By taking a piece of paper and a pencil and doing a little multiplying, any chicken-raiser and egg contractor can become a millionaire (in his mind) in no time. The figures roll up at an alarming rate. You only need to start with half a dozen hens and a rooster, but you won't be really happy unless you have lots of paper and pencils with which to multiply and add. There is no subtracting.

* * *

Perhaps honorable exception might be made in the case of "Admiral" Dewey's new patent incubator which he is about to put on the market. It is four stories in height and has a capacity of thousands of eggs. The lower story will contain eggs of the larger size, with capacity of 1,400 goose eggs. The next will contain 2,800 duck eggs, which are half the size of goose eggs; next 5,600 hen eggs. The top story will hold 11,200 pigeon eggs, which, when hatched will produce enough clay pigeons to stock all the Gun Clubs in the country. The incubator is run by electricity, making the chicks lightninglike in movement and wiry in build.

* * *

There is another fellow in the city starting a concern to make rubber tires out of old pie crusts, but his prospectus is not out yet and we don't know much about it. There should be no question about the durability of the tires if he gets his raw product from local restaurants.

* * *

If no radical, I.W.W. or antiwork propaganda has reached them, the buds on the trees along our avenues will soon be making their appearance. Hurry up, dear old Spring!

**Premier Stewart, in an official statement regarding the possible outcome of the Referendum says that his government is a firm believer in sunflower ensilage as a fattener. He is arranging to have experiments made on three of the thinnest employees in the Attorney-General's department and if the results are satisfactory he proposes to establish a government [illegible] employees in government service will be fed on sunflowers.**

**Being asked to deliver an utterance on the Liquor Act and the impending Referendum, the Hon. James Emmett Reilly replied that he could be quoted as saying that the Public Utilities Commission gave their adherence to the League of Nations without reserve and that he himself, personally, believed in capital punishment, although marrying the girl was an alternative which should not be disregarded. Mr. Reilly dilated further on the charming weather we were having.**

**All the members of the House, on being asked individually to express an opinion on the Liquor question for publication, took occasion to speak at length on the clemency of the weather and the hopeful signs of an early Spring.**

* * *

In last issue we dropped a few remarks about bible myths, but hasten in this issue to say that they are no worse than the fairy tales one hears pulled off in everyday life. As for example:

"I'd let you have $5 in a second, old man, if I had it. But I'm broke."

"If the goods are not as represented, bring them back and we will cheerfully refund the money."

"Yessir, I've been married ten years, and if I had to do it over again tomorrow I'd marry the same woman."

"Of course we can afford an automobile, but my husband thinks the street cars are so much safer."

"I think the balcony seats are just fine. I can't bear to sit too close to the stage."

"Prohibition doesn't worry me. I can either take it or leave it alone. Give me a nice cool glass of buttermilk every time."

* * *

No politician ever poses as a reformer while in office.

* * *

Spencer Leigh Hughes, the brilliant English journalist and member of parliament, died in London last week. For years he conducted a column every week in The Morning Leader under the title of "Sub Rosa," and his weekly article in The News of the World is familiar to everybody. Mr. Hughes, a few years ago, devoted [illegible] of his "Sub Rosa" articles to humorous criticism of the Calgary Eye Opener. The clipping is one of our treasured possessions.

* * *

In this article Mr. Hughes fell into a rather amusing error through assuming that a certain mythical character, Peter J. McGonigle, editor of the Midnapore Gazette, was a real person. The copy of The Eye Opener which had come into his hands contained a paragraph to the effect that Mr. McGonigle had been up in Calgary on a horrible drunk and was on the verge of delirium tremens, trying to cut his throat and so on. Hughes commented on this as follows:

"We have here a pleasing illustration of editorial amenities in some parts of Canada. In this country, of course, (England) no editor would lay himself open to this sort of exposure, but, even if one were to be guilty of so serious a lapse from editorial decorum, it is inconceivable that a rival editor should tell the public all about it."

* * *

We used to have great fun with this imaginary editor, Peter J. McGonigle, and often regret having killed him off. Lots of people, it afterwards appeared, were, under the impression that McGonigle was a real person and often wondered why he didn't come up to Calgary and beat our head off.

* * *

While waiting to discover whether we could try the German war criminals or not, why have we not been amusing ourselves by trying a few profiteers? Now, alas! a precedent has been established and the profiteers will insist on being tried by their own fraternity.

* * *

Popular opinion is the most fickle thing on earth.

toes. Was it any wonder that wherever any of our fellows were camped in the British Isles they took to going around and beating up the "limies" and "Tommies."?

* * *

"Jellicoe had his chance at Jutland," continues the article. He came within range of the enemy with a tremendous [illegible] of [illegible] and would of metal against the Germans. What did he do? In the language of the American gob, he beat it. Ran away."

* * *

Again: "Students of history pronounce England as old and senile, and military men rate the English Tommie a first class specimen of a dub on the firing line."

* * *

Why should newspapers containing this kind of dope be sold in the bookstores of Calgary? This is a matter which might be taken up by the Great War Veterans' Association with perfect propriety. A committee of three should be appointed by both the Calgary and the Edmonton G.W.V.A. Executives to visit the bookstores of their respective cities and request the proprietors to cease circulating Hearst newspapers, on patriotic grounds. This suggestion does not apply to the Hearst monthly magazines.

* * *

**The Hearst papers unloaded a terrible lot of sentimental slush in connection with General Pershing's visit to Lafayette's grave in Paris at the time of the American army's belated arrival in France. Pershing is said to have stood bareheaded by the graveside and said solemnly: "Lafayette, we are here!"**

* * *

It made a pretty story, but the Hearst papers took good care to suppress the sequel. It appears that when Pershing uttered the words, "We are here," Lafayette turned around in his grave three times and hollered back: "Where in hell have you been these three years?"

* * *

In a noted live stock centre of the prairies, it is the custom of a certain abbatoir firm to have periodic changes made in their price lists by a local printing firm. Recently, among these alterations appeared the line:

"Fair cow, up to 600 lbs.....$—.—."

The facetious linotype operator who made the changes cast an extra line following it which read "What price brunette cow?" Out of the goodness of his heart, the man who read the proof scribbled the following information on the margin: "No brunette cow in sight. Report from local Livestock Exchange—blond heifer quoted at $5.00."

they were both rushing in and out, saying, "Let me get it, dear!" "No, darling, I'll get it!" and sometimes they would collide at the kitchen door and everything would go hellitysplit all over the floor. This left us sitting alone at the table, feeling uncomfortable and wishing we were back chewing at the old joint with the congenial drunks.

[illegible] was extremely difficult. Happily, they both had the good taste to cut out the slobbery stuff when we were around, but the situation was exceedingly trying. The bride was strong on church work and she prattled a good deal about Ladies' Aids and Ladies' Auxiliaries, her remarks being warmly endorsed by McSwilligan, who knew as much about church work as a hog knows about grand opera. Mac would wag his head and say, "That's right, my dear. You're perfectly right."

For politeness sake, we, too, had to affect an interest in church matters and even went the length of saying that our father was a Presbyterian minister in Scotland. This made us very solid. Unfortunately it was just about this juncture that we came home very late and fell down the stairs leading up to our little bedroom when we had almost reached the top. It was a most distressing contretemps and put everything on the blink.

Oddly enough, Mrs. McSwilligan hadn't heard the racket at all, but Mac had, his ears being attuned to this sort of thing, and before breakfast he came to our room with a little flask which he had cached away for medicinal purposes. McSwilligan was a good sport and knew we would be feeling tough.

Well, to make a long story short, we had just packed away a frightful snort and Mac himself was in the act of having a slight touch, when Mrs. McSwilligan peeped in around the edge of the door.

Then the row began. Dressing hurriedly, we repacked our things in the "Irving" cigar box and did not wait for breakfast. The boys at the little hash joint gave us a hearty welcome back, and the rotten old soggy pies and the appalling coffee tasted fine, you bet.

* * *

And the average married woman would doubtless spend more money if her husband had any more to spend.

* * *

The proposal to increase the indemnity of Alberta legislators from $1,500 to $2,500 is an excellent one and should be pushed along. Why not make it $3,000? We are seriously thinking of running for the Legislature ourself next election. In which event $5,000 will be none too much.

cause. Flabbergasted, she returns home and a neighbour lends her an Eaton's or a Simpson's catalogue. No use laboring this subject any further. If the prices set forth in these catalogues for identically the same articles are a half or one-third cheaper, what would be this woman's logical course to pursue?

What would you do, for instance?

* * *

It must always be remembered that mammoth business concerns like those Toronto houses operate factories where they manufacture lots of their own goods. This eliminates the jobber and other middlemen, reducing the overhead on articles turned out by themselves. The stuff you see laid out on the counters of Calgary stores has come through a whole lot of expensive stages before you see it at all and although there is no doubt much ingenious lying about the smallness of profit on obviously over-expensive articles, our merchants are not such coldblooded robbers as they sometimes appear to be.

* * *

Some mail-order concerns own their own lace factories in Brussells and their own silk factories in Lyons, and when they have to do straight buying they buy such a devil of a quantity that they get a substantial reduction on the prevailing price. They have every advantage over the smaller fellows and are not slow to make the most of it.

* * *

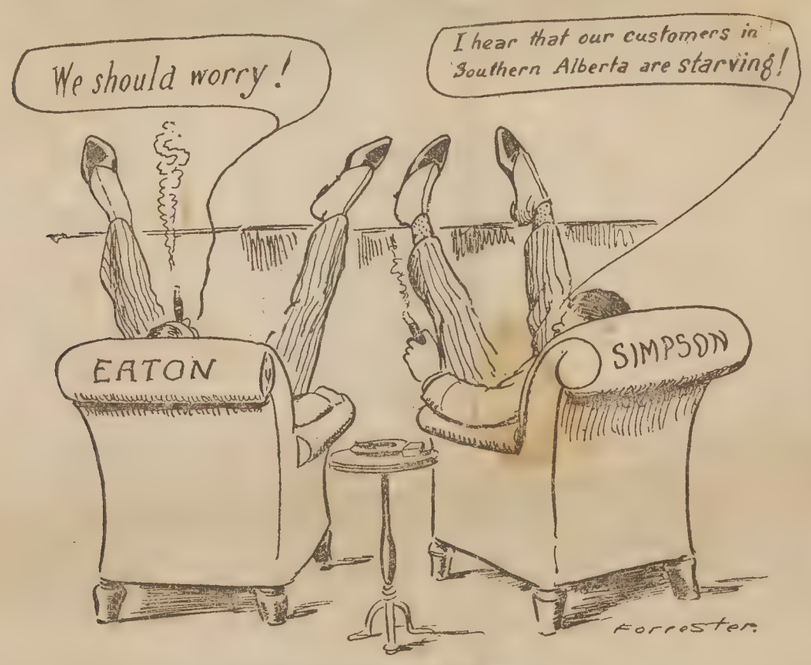
As for an establishment like Eaton's, another reason why they can sell stuff so cheaply across the counter in their stores in Toronto and Winnipeg is that they pay their girls such low wages. We don't know how it is now that the minimum wage is in force in most provinces, but while we lived in Winnipeg T. Eaton and Co. paid most of their girls $6 a week. Out of this the poor girls had to lodge, board and clothe themselves! No wonder so many of them fell by the wayside. Let us hope that conditions have improved a little since those days.

* * *

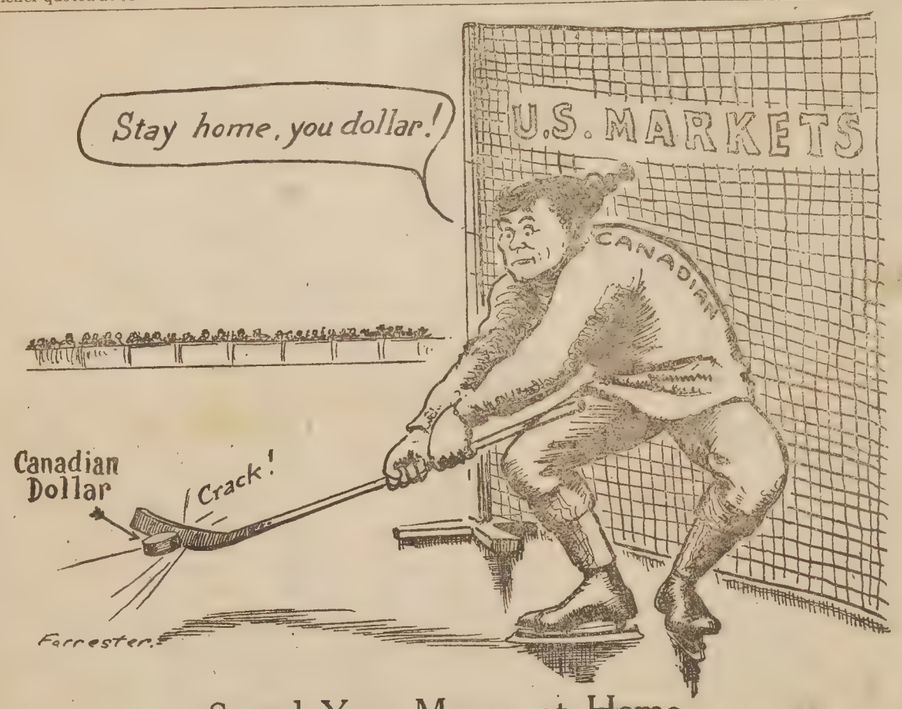
A husband calls his wife "Birdie" because she is always associated in his mind with a bill.

* * *

At certain seasons in Scotland, when the fishing is not very brisk, the fishermen act as caddies and are easily recognized by their costume, a woollen jersey and trousers braced up to the armpits. One of these was asked his name by the gentleman for whom he was carrying, and the reply was: "Weel, sir, hereabouts they maistely ca' me 'Breeks,' but ma 'maiden' name is 'Broon.'"




Mail Order Millionaires

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Grand

Thursday, Friday and Saturday
MARCH 11th, 12th and 13th
Matinee Saturday

The Musical Comedy Sensation of the Season With a Special Beauty Chorus of Dainty, Dashing, Dancing Damsels

"LET'S GO"

With the Dainty Prima Donna

Gertrude Hutcheson

and

A Notable Cast in Support

PRICES:
Evg. 25c, 50c, 75c, $1.00 and $1.50
Matinee: 25c, 50c, 75c and $1.00

PANTAGES

NEXT WEEK

"On the High Seas"

With

James Philipps and Mildred Foster

BRITT WOOD
The Boob and the Harmonica

FOLEY & O'NEAL
The Way They Do It

COLLEGE QUINTETTE
A Fraternity Rehearsal

HENRY FREY
The New Reformer

FOUR LAURELS
Tricky Terpsichoreans

ALLEN

Here is something which actually happened on a farm not many miles from Camrose last fall. We can vouch for the truth of the story, having got it direct from the farmer and his wife.

One evening last October a big fair-haired Swede, who had been going over the country on foot with a view to taking up or buying a piece of land, called at this farm-house, tired and hungry and seeking a night's lodging. Being obviously a respectable person, he was given a cordial reception and told to come right in and make himself at home.

This extension of hospitality, however, was slightly modified by the farmer's wife. Unknown to her husband, the woman was possessed of the important secret that at a late hour that very night the neighbours were coming around to give them a surprise party, with lots of music and dancing. So she told the big Swede that she could not give him a room, but would fix him up a shakedown in the attic, which was reached by a ladder. The big Swede said that this would do fine.

After supper the big Swede climbed up to his doss and prepared for a good night's rest. Having a wholesome dread of bedbugs and other phenomena which he had run across in other farm shacks, he peeled off all his clothes to the skin, rolling in between the blankets.

About midnight he was awakened from a deep sleep by the sound of fiddles and mouth-organs and the shuffle of dancing feet. "Yiminy kripes!" he murmered.

Curiosity overcame the big Swede, and he crawled out of his blankets to investigate. Through the open chinks of the attic floor came rays of light. Cautiously he crept on all fours, naked as a walrus, towards an extra wide chink, through which he might look down upon the merry throng of young men and maidens tripping the light fantastic.

It so happened that the boards upon which the big Swede was crawling in the dark had not been nailed down and just as he was about to apply his eye to the extra-big chink, they "up-ended," and down he went head over heels in amongst the crowd, right on top of a couple who were executing a rural phase of the turkey trot with remarkable effect.

The sudden apparition of a big Swede coming tumbling through the ceiling without a stitch of clothes on, created a panic. Of course the men nearly laughed themselves sick, but the women were terribly disconcerted. The Swede scrambled to his feet and ran out of the house, staying in the bush until the party broke up. He then returned and slipped quietly back to the attic.

In the morning the poor chap asked how much he owed for his night's lodging but was told by the jovial farmer to make his house his headquarters while in that locality and it wouldn't cost him a cent. Thus closed a remarkably cheerful incident.

* * *

A little girl from the East End of London was invited the other day to a garden party given by a very aristocratic lady to a group of little slum children.

The little girl, as she drank her tea and ate her plum cake on a velvet lawn under a white-blooming cherry tree, said to her hostess: "Does you husband drink?"

"Why—er—no, not to excess," was the astonished reply.

"How much does he make?"

"He doesn't work," said the lady.

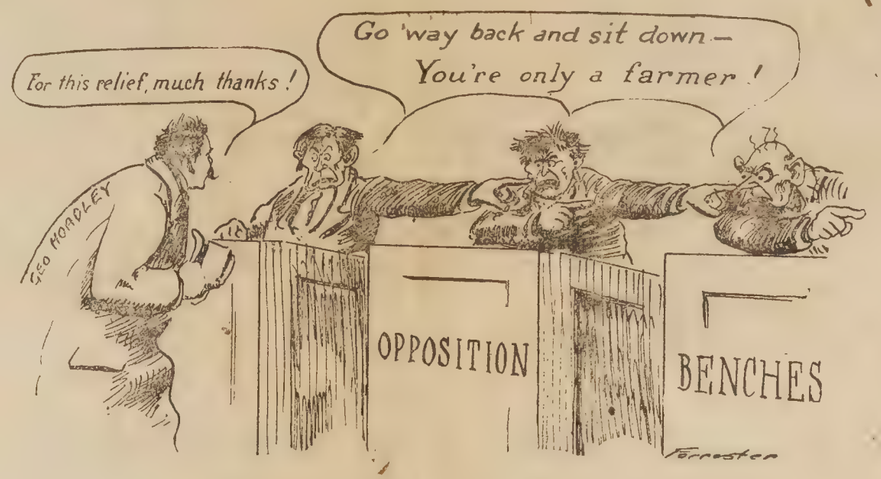
"You keep out of debt, I hope?"

"Of course, child. What on earth—"

"Your color looks natural—I trust you don't paint."

"Look here," exclaimed the hostess, "what do you mean by all these impudent questions?"

"Impudent?" said the little girl. "Why, ma'am, mother told me to be sure and behave like a lady, and when ladies call at our rooms they always question mother like that."




No Farmer-Leader Wanted

**March 19 is the date fixed by the Calgary Boxing Commission for their next tournament.**

* * *

There was a statement in the Calgary press last week to the effect that Carpentier was going to give boxing exhibitions in Canada and might possibly appear in Calgary. We would dearly love to believe this, but hae oor doots.

* * *

It is impossible to believe anything that champion boxers or their managers say through the public press. They say any old thing to get their names in the papers and help the publicity end of their business. There has been some awful lying going on with respect to the date of the Carpentier-Dempsey fight, the Fourth of July and Labor Day being the favorite dates chosen to befool the boxing fans. The chances are against either of them engaging in a fight inside of a year or two. Money is the only thing that counts with those fellows.

* * *

In proof thereof, read the following despatch from New York and observe how Carpentier, like Dempsey is tied up with a movie company for a long time:

The outlook for a Dempsey-Carpentier bout within the next six months is decidedly slim, according to an announcement made last week by R. S. Cole, of the Robertson-Cole Company, which concern has Carpentier under contract for moving picture work in this country. Mr. Cole makes it clear that his company has no concern in regard to the terms of a championship bout, but he feels that he should dispel the idea prevailing in many quarters that the boxers will come together in July or September. The Cole statement reads in part as follows:

"While we do not desire to enter into any controversy, still, in view of the articles appearing on February 16, we feel it incumbent upon us to make some statement, as we do not think it right that the American public should be deceived as to the possibility of Carpentier meeting Dempsey in the near future.

"We have no interest whatever in any arrangements which may be concluded in connection with such a contest, but we do wish to make the definite statement that we have a contract with Carpentier which specifically sets forth certain conditions as to when he might meet Dempsey or any other opponent. We therefore wish to make the definite statement that Carpentier will not meet Dempsey either on the Fourth of July or on Labor Day unless we, who control set eyes on his opponent before the latter appeared on the stage in front of him. Even Fitzsimmons, the boldest of the latter-day bunch, never undertook the risk of meeting all-comers promiscuously while on tour.

* * *

The most lamentable farce on earth is a boxing "exhibition" put on by a couple of heavyweights. They rarely have any skill to show and usually just stall around in clinches for four rounds and catch the night train out of town with their share of the purse. We saw a glaring example of this recently at the Arena in Toronto, when Battling Levinsky and Wild Bill Somebody pulled one of the rawest fakes we ever had the bad luck to witness. As Levinsky was making his way back to his dressing room after the sham bout, a man right by his elbow looked him straight in the face and said: "You're nothing but a pair of fakirs." Levinsky had to take it, because there was an angry crowd swarming around.

* * *

This is one of the great difficulties that a Boxing Commission have to contend with. The official matchmakers go to all kinds of trouble and exercise the greatest care in selecting boxers of reputation to take part in the main bout. The consideration offered is usually a liberal percentage, properly apportioned between winner and loser, with perhaps a guarantee agreed upon in the case of an extra-special star. In Calgary the boxers who have been engaged by the Commission have really received much larger sums than they were entitled to—or rather, let us say, larger than they were in the habit of getting for similar performances elsewhere. Our Boxing Commission have been fortunate in the class of entertainment they have been able to give to the fans so far and hope to be able to continue doing so; but if the fans only knew the trepidation and anxiety of the members of the Commission until the last round of the last bout is over, we believe they would accord additional appreciation of their efforts to please.

* * *

You can't tell what pranks boxers will play on the public, especially when performing in towns which they never expect to see again. Curiously enough, the rawest and very worst exhibition of boxing hereabouts was that given by the mitt artist, Freddie Welsh, then world's champion lightweight, in the Horse Show Building in —we think—1916. His opponent was the well known Kid Scaler, of Edmonton. What boxing was done, was done by Scaler. Welsh fell into clinch after clinch and all the spectators

That was indeed an ingenious idea of Col. Nelson Spencer's to have the cross-benches join the Conservative Opposition and chase the Government to the outlands where the tall timber of J. D. McArthur and Clifford Sifton's brother-in-law is supposed to grow. Bob Pearson was offered the leadership of the amalgamated forces, but declined to "come into the parlor."

Thus, within the short space of twenty-four hours the Opposition committed two blunders.

First of all, they donned masks and took dark lanterns and held a secret conclave and attempted to gather explosives from the cross-benches to blow up the Government. Nelson Spencer was the Guy Fawkes of the occasion. (Business of thinking up joke about a foxy guy. Nothing doing.)

Then the Opposition ousted their admittedly capable farmer-leader and substituted a millionaire city man. This, too, at the precise and exact moment when a farmer-leader is the main human essential on their side of the House. The city millionaire, no matter how high his personal standing as an Edmonton business man, is not in a position to diminish in the slightest degree the strength and prestige of the present farmer-premier, Hon. Charles Stewart. The thing is psychologically impossible. The ground under Ramsay's feet is too sandy.

* * *

Rory McSnory was the village blacksmith, and one of the most powerful singers in the choir of the kirk at Auchleucheries. To show off his voice to full advantage he would vary his style from bass to alto and from alto to treble in the same hymn. The minister had long observed that Rory's methods were upsetting the general melody of the congregation's singing, and at length he resolved to bring the culprit to book. "Hymn thirty-four," he announced, "and a' thegither! And, Mr. McSnory, if ye are tae sing tenor, sing tenor, or if ye're tae sing bass, sing bass; but we'll hae nae mair o' yer shandy-gaff."

* * *

What is the matter with the Allies anyhow? First they backwater on the matter of having the Kaiser and the other war criminals brought to trial, as promised; then they decide to allow the Turks to remain in Europe. In spite of the atrocious and continuous massacres of Armenians, the Turks are to go unpunished and the Sultan allowed to remain comfortably in Constantinople.

* * *

Spring Wedding Gifts

An Illustrated Booklet of Suggestions

Many of our out of town customers will have friends or relatives who are anticipating marriage this spring. They will find it very hard to get suitable wedding gifts at reasonable prices as costs are advancing rapidly and the manufacturers report that deliveries will be slow.

**Our Mail Order Catalogue** contains hundreds of suitable gifts at prices consistent with quality and service. We have not advanced our catalogue prices, and in consequence our buying early last spring means a saving to you.

If goods purchased are not satisfactory we will refund your money.

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FOR PRICES AND TERMS WRITE TO
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TRY A
"Colonel Bogey"
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ALLEN
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Everything for the Motorist
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"Your color looks natural—I trust you don't paint."

"Look here," exclaimed the hostess, "what do you mean by all these impudent questions?"

"Impudent?" said the little girl. "Why, ma'am, mother told me to be sure and behave like a lady, and when ladies call at our rooms they always question mother like that."

* * *

In the league of nation's affair it is as if America had given a party and then left home with the booze when the guests arrived.

ORPHEUM
AT THE GRAND
THE BEST IN VAUDEVILLE
8.15--Next Mon., Tues., Wed.--8.15
2.30--Matinees Tues. and Wed.--2.30
JOHN B. HYMER
MONTGOMERY and ALLEN
MILLE. NITTA-JO
HERBERT ASHLEY
The Choy Ling Hee Troupe
The Billy Lamont Trio
SAM BERK and JUANITA SAWN
Orpheum's Popular Prices
Evenings: 25c, 50c, 75c and $1.00
MATINEES: BEST SEATS 35 cts.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday
BILL HART
—IN—
The Poppy Girl's Husband
The Great Star at the Greatest
Thursday, Friday, Saturday
Wallace Reid
—IN—
THE LOVE BURGLAR
BIJOU

any arrangements which may be concluded in connection with such a contest, but we do wish to make the definite statement that we have a contract with Carpentier which specifically sets forth certain conditions as to when he might meet Dempsey or any other opponent. We therefore wish to make the definite statement that Carpentier will not meet Dempsey either on the Fourth of July or on Labor Day unless we, who control this matter, should decide to make some change in our present plans, which we can quite frankly state we do not at this date anticipate."

* * *

Did it ever occur to you that heavyweight boxers as a class are a rather lazy lot? We mean "lazy" in the active pursuit of their chosen profession. Top-notchers in the heavyweight division

seldom fight more than three or four times a year, while the lucky one who holds the championship hardly ever fights at all. Willard engaged in two bouts in four years.

* * *

It is ridiculous to argue that a boxing bout is such a strenuous affair that, what with training and so forth, the heavyweights find it physically impossible to fight oftener. Look at the heavyweight wrestlers! Their bouts on the mat, when bona fide—which they usually are nowadays amongst wrestlers of reputation,—occupy sometimes a couple of hours desperate and strenuous physical effort. The effort put forth by a boxer is nothing compared with that of a wrestler.

* * *

And yet the great wrestlers of the day, Stetcher, Caddock, Zsbisco and other famous mat artists, engage in important matches on an average of once a week. We have been watching Stetcher's performances lately and find that he engaged in five matches in three weeks, in each one of which the championship of the world was at stake. One was against Londos, the Greek champion, who has just arrived in America to try and clean 'em all up. He proved a tough one, too.

* * *

On February 25 Stetcher threw Yussif Hussane, the Turk, at Pittsburg, in fifty-five minutes. On February 26, next day, at Youngstown, Ohio, he threw Ivan Linoid, the Russian, in two straight falls, occupying one hour and twenty minutes. Stetcher holds the world's wrestling championship, same as Willard held the boxing championship and Dempsey holds it today. The difference is that wrestling champions are always working.

* * *

We happened to be at Vancouver some years ago when Stanlislaus Zsbisco wrestled the famous Pat Connelly. It took the Pole over an hour's hard work to gain the first fall, and about half an hour for the second. Watching these men tugging and twisting and straining every muscle of their bodies without an instant's let-up for over an hour, made an onlooker marvel. And yet Zsbisco had been wrestling somewhere two nights previously, was to wrestle MacIntyre in Victoria the next night and some other fellow in Seattle the night after. On this tour he wrestled dozens and dozens of good men, and thought nothing of it. They were not exhibition bouts by any means.

* * *

John L. Sullivan was the only pugilist who ever lived who had sufficient confidence in himself and faith in his own prowess to tour the country meeting all-comers, offering a forfeit if he failed to knock out the contender in four rounds. Every town he visited had its own favorite bruiser, who was usually put through a process of training pending John L.'s arrival. The big fellow seldom performing in towns which they never expect to see again. Curiously enough, the rawest and very worst exhibition of boxing hereabouts was that given by the mitt artist, Freddie Welsh, then world's champion lightweight, in the Horse Show Building in —we think—1916. His opponent was the well known Kid Scaler, of Edmonton. What boxing was done, was done by Scaler. Welsh fell into clinch after clinch and all the spectators saw was a couple of young men swaying about in each others arms for four rounds. Welsh got $500 for this and there was a long delay before the men appeared owing to the champion insisting on getting his money before entering the ring. It was a plain case of obtaining money under false pretenses.

* * *

The point, therefore, is this, that if a world's champion will impose on the public, what won't the lesser lights do? Billiard, golfing or swimming champions have to show their real wares every time out, but a halo of immunity seems to surround the ivory heads of most of the boxing fraternity. They are allowed to get away with too much. Boxing Commissions should adopt a rule that payment of the purse depends on a good and honest showing in the ring. Thus the fans who support the game will be protected.

* * *

And this chap, Dempsey, has been actually indicted by the Grand Jury as a war slacker. Well, he is not the only prominent fighter that dodged fighting at the front. Carpentier and Mike O'Dowd are the only two boxers of prominence that we have heard of as being actually at the front and in the fighting line. Most of them got jobs as physical instructors at camps. Of the prominent wrestlers the only ones who seem to have done their bit in Europe are Stanislaus Zsbysco and Caddock.

* * *

Dempsey's divorced wife, who got the champion into all this trouble, must be a queer sort. First she furnished the information that Dempsey had perjured himself to evade the draft, then she retracted her charges in a signed affidavit, stating that she had been actuated by jealousy; and then, later on, before the Grand Jury, she admitted her "retraction" had been induced by a payment of $1,500. Her name is Maxine Dempsey and she was a dance hall girl of Wells, Nevada.

* * *

Better a fool friend than a wise enemy.

* * *

Those ladies who contemplate trying to jolly their husbands into buying them a set of furs should be informed of the fact that fur prices are at the present moment ten times higher than was ever before known in the fur trade of the country. A man to buy furs for his womenfolk these days must be either a millionaire or a fool.

* * *

From a recent special article on the subject in the Edmonton Bulletin we quote the following scale of prices of 1912, 1914 and 1920:

| | 1912 | 1914 | 1920 |
|---|---|---|---|
| Muskrat | $ .75 | $ .15 | $ 5.00 |
| Beaver | 10.00 | 1.50 | 50.00 |
| Otter | 15.00 | 10.00 | 75.00 |
| Fisher | 12.00 | 2.00 | 300.00 |
| Marten | 20.00 | 5.00 | 136.00 |
| Mink | 11.00 | 1.50 | 40.00 |
| Weasel | .20 | .05 | 4.50 |
| Lynx | 10.00 | 3.50 | 40.00 |
| Cross Fox | 20.00 | 5.00 | 240.00 |
| Red Fox | 6.00 | 1.50 | 40.00 |
| Silver fox | 1,500.00 | 300.00 | 2,000.00 |
| White fox | 15.00 | 6.00 | 75.00 |
| Wolf | 4.50 | 1.50 | 30.00 |
| Skunk | 1.50 | .50 | 12.00 |
| Skunk | 1.50 | .05 | 12.00 |
| Russian sable | 80.00 | ..... | 1,000.00 |

* * *

The frauds perpetrated on the public in connection with fur goods are also worth exposing.

For instance, Marten closely resembles Russian sable and sometimes is sold as Hudson's Bay sable, while Skunk is dressed to imitate Alaska sable.

There is also a startling advance on Muskrat skins, which in 1914 were worth 15 cents, but now $5.00. Why the advance in Muskrat? Because on being duly dyed and dressed, it makes a perfectly good imitation and substitute for Alaska seal and is now being generally sold as "Hudson seal." The price for muskrat skins at Edmonton used to be 10 cents.

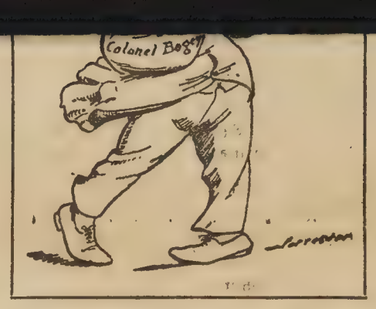
What is the matter with the Allies anyhow? First they backwater on the matter of having the Kaiser and the other war criminals brought to trial, as promised; then they decide to allow the Turks to remain in Europe. In spite of the atrocious and continuous massacres of Armenians, the Turks are to go unpunished and the Sultan allowed to remain comfortably in Constantinople.

* * *

Hardly any of Lord George's impressive assurances (election assurances) of what he was going to do to 'em after the war, have been fulfilled. And how about that cash indemnity, of which Canada was to get a couple of billion? This is indeed an age of bunk.

* * *

Explorer Steffanson announces that he will shortly return to the frozen north. Mr. Steffanson is evidently one of those fresh air cranks.



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SOLD EVERYWHERE AT POPULAR PRICES
"The Beer Without a Peer"
Alberta's Pride
THE LETHBRIDGE BREWING & MALTING CO. LTD.

A Taste Is a Test
CALGARY DISTRIBUTORS
The Polar Aerated Water Works
Corner Eleventh Ave. and Twelfth St. East Phone E5520

T.D. PARKER'S LIMITED

"The Store of Personal Service"

PARKER'S
Virginia Plug Cut
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Have You Tried It?

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The Largest in Western Canada

The Allen's new Calgary theatre is to be the largest and most beautiful "movie" house in Western Canada. It will be efficiently managed, and is an assured success financially—a conservative estimate on its earnings giving a surplus of $85,000, or a dividend of 12 per cent. on common stock.

ALLEN'S CALGARY THEATRE, LTD.
OFFERS
$260,000

7 per cent. CUMULATIVE PREFERRED STOCK, $100 PAR VALUE, with a bonus of 25 per cent. Common Stock, par value $25.00

Allen's Calgary Theatre, Ltd., Stock is one of the best investments today. The theatre to be built and operated in Calgary will be a tremendous success from the commencement. It will fill a need long felt in Calgary—and it will be a profitable investment. Will you have a share in success of this theatre? Now is the time to buy

I concur!
We fine you $5 and costs
Iconcur!
Will you have it now or wait till you get it?
VON TIRPITZ
Haw! haw! haw! I concur!
Forrester

For Submarine Atrocities

So they are going to have another plebiscite, eh? Oh, well, let's have it and get the thing over.

* * *

Our old contention about permitting the sale of beer and light wines seems to have failed to interest the public. The temperance crowd, the legislators and the people generally seem to favor whiskey. It is by no means paradoxical to say that total prohibition means a large and steady consumption of whiskey, and rotgut whiskey at that. The staunchest allies and most active workers for bone-dry prohibition that the temperance crowd will have during the Plebiscite campaign, are the bootlegger and illicit still operators.

* * *

Were beer and light wines permissible in Canada there would almost immediately be a tremendous influx of people from the United States. They would gladly come over here and settle in our midst, engaging in business and making things hum. It might even partake of the nature of a great national movement. Britishers, also, would not be diverted from migrating to Canada in favor of Australia, New Zealand and South Africa, as is likely to be the case the way things are now.

* * *

A friend was telling us the other day of the large numbers of well-to-do New Yorkers who run up to Montreal every week-end for a sociable time, simply because they like the idea of spending a few happy hours amongst friends over a glass of beer or wine. Existence has become too drab for them altogether, without the social accessories to which they have been accustomed all their lives.

* * *

We also hear weird tales of Seattle folk week-ending in Vancouver as regular as clockwork, which would indicate that booze is easier to get in that city than in Seattle. But, of course, this kind of week-ending probably only means the usual whiskey drunk and is not by any means to be mentioned in the same breath with the Montreal beer-and-wine week-ends.

* * *

At the close of Attorney-General Boyle's illuminating speech in the House,

In view of the fact that the Union government shows signs of an intention to refuse any and every demand made by the Great War Veterans' Association for further assistance, more particularly along bonus lines, it becomes a matter of importance that all soldier newspaper-organs—such as the *Alberta Veteran*, *Manitoba Veteran* and kindred weeklies—be given loyal support by the G.W.V.A. as a body. These ably conducted papers have been doing yeoman service on behalf of the boys, but we doubt very much if this work has been much appreciated or even sufficiently understood. Sandy Russell's *Alberta Veteran* is the best friend the returned boys have in this neck of the woods, if they only knew it. When handled with good judgment and sanity, a newspaper organ can accomplish much for a good cause.

* * *

The soldier bonus scheme in Canada should not be allowed to die a natural death. Calgary seems to be the only point where the war veterans are still bestirring themselves over this matter. Mr. Wood's latest proposals sound quite feasible to an outsider and no doubt will be fully debated at the impending Soldiers' Convention at Montreal.

* * *

It may interest the boys to learn that the U.S. soldiers are now demanding financial recognition of their services. Seeing that they "won the war," they should be entitled to at least $50,000 apiece. What they ask, however, is a fifty-dollar bond for each month of service. They are quite likely to get it, too.

* * *

The United States after the Civil War of 1861-65 adopted a liberal pension policy for its soldiers. Practically every surviving soldier who sought it obtained a pension. Politics accounted for considerable of this generosity, but against it the mass of the people never revolted. Nor would the people of Canada grudge a penny of the bonus asked for by their own war veterans. Popular appreciation of what our boys did over in France is as strong as ever, though the boys themselves are prone to doubt it sometimes.

There has been a great hullabaloo up in Red Deer over a statement alleged to have been made by the W.C.T.U. press superintendent to the effect that the English and the Scotch were virtually foreigners in Canada. In an explanatory letter the lady writes that no one to her knowledge ever said that English and Scotch were foreigners, but she unfortunately makes matters worse by adding that after looking up the dictionary for the definition of the term foreigner she is not as sure now as she was before that Britishers are not quite as much foreigners in Canada as Ruthenians, Russians, Italians, etc.

* * *

The Red Deer lady has not the same excuse for applying the word "foreigner" to Englishmen and Scotchmen as had Sir Wilfrid Laurier when he referred to Lord Dundonald as a foreigner. Sir Wilfrid, while making a speech in French used the word "etranger", intending it for the word "stranger", but the translators for the press all made it "foreigner", which gave rise to a frightful hubbub all over the country. And yet the translators were right according to their French-English dictionaries. Very likely they were Conservative translators and saw a chance to get Sir Wilfrid in wrong.

* * *

The explanatory letter of the W. C. T. U press superintendent reveals an intense antipathy to the English and the Scotch, in spite of her own statement that she is the daughter of a Scotchman and the wife of an Englishman. This lady should not be too hard on us chaps from the old country. We admit that we are not very smart, but we do the best we can. The best can do no more. Perhaps we shall improve with age. Give us a chance.

* * *

Of course it is easy to understand this good lady's point of view with respect to what she call "the antiquated ideas of so many from the old country, particularly along the drink and cigarette evils." This is why she is a member of the W.C.T.U. at all. This is what the W.C.T.U. is for,—to put the kibosh on

C. B. CLARKE
Gerhard-Heintzman Pianos
Victrolas and Records

Complete stock of Victor Records always on hand. Small musical instruments and music rolls. Mail orders a specialty.

216 EIGHTH AVE. WEST M3262

The Marquis of Queensbury, who visited Calgary and Edmonton last summer, went through the bankruptcy court for the fourth time the other day. As he was not knocked out, the presumption is that his financial trouble is more of a six-round exhibition go.

War office despatches say that the Bolsheviki have advanced to the Chinese frontier and are beginning to swarm all over the shop. They apparently have the same agressive methods as the cockroaches in the Judge Travis block.

118-120 8th Ave. E. NEILSON'S CALGARY, ALTA.

Most Extensive Display
in Many Pleasing Styles

The choice presented in our Bed Dept. is probably the most extensive in Calgary. Certain, the values are not surpassed. Investigation will confirm your belief that you cannot do better elsewhere.

In buying this line of goods from the manufacturer we exercised most delicate care. A close scrutiny of the many lines offered us and careful selection of the best designs and values has placed this department in an enviable position in the city. Hence we are able to offer you an unusually wide range at the very best prices

IN THE BRASS BEDS the styles are many, from the straight post with 1-2 inch spindles, to the massive 2 1-2 inch continuous

with a bonus of 25 per cent. Common Stock, par value $25.00

Allen's Calgary Theatre, Ltd., Stock is one of the best investments today. The theatre to be built and operated in Calgary will be a tremendous success from the commencement. It will fill a need long felt in Calgary—and it will be a profitable investment. Will you have a share in success of this theatre? Now is the time to buy

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in Seattle. But, of course, this kind of week-ending probably only means the usual whiskey drunk and is not by any means to be mentioned in the same breath with the Montreal beer-and-wine week-ends.

* * *

At the close of Attorney-General Boyle's illuminating speech in the House, when he explained the administration of the Liquor Act and advocated a Referandum, not a single member got up to say a word on the subject. All silent as clams. Why?

* * *

It was revealed that $6,824,176 had been spent on booze in the Province during the past year. It is a pity we had "cut it out." Otherwise Mr. Boyle might have been able to make it an even $7,000,000.

a pension. Politics accounted for considerable of this generosity, but against it the mass of the people never revolted. Nor would the people of Canada grudge a penny of the bonus asked for by their own war veterans. Popular appreciation of what our boys did over in France is as strong as ever, though the boys themselves are prone to doubt it sometimes.

* * *

We remember poking some fun at General "Billy" Griesbach after his return home to Edmonton, when he boldly predicted that there would be another world war fifteen years hence. Perhaps his prediction may come true, after all. Erzberger, Germany's ex-finance minister, who has just been found guilty of graft, makes it ten years.

* * *

This chap, Erzberger, recently brought a libel suit against a political opponent and in the course of the proceedings was himself shown up as a grafter of robust and cynical proportions. He was a dangerous character, as his private letters showed during the trial.

* * *

In these letters, written six months after he had signed the armistice, he advises the Germans to keep before them the reason for the war, which is defined as a struggle between two great factors—the continent and the Anglo-Saxon race, represented by England and the United States. History, he said, tells us of similar contests between Rome and Carthage.

* * *

Says Erzberger in one letter:

**"History shows that the continental powers won, and history will repeat itself. The war was an episode only in the great contest which will be resumed again when Germany recovers herself. Within ten years Germany will have Russia bent to her will. When the struggle is resumed in ten years hence, Paris will be easier than in 1914."**

* * *

This Erzberger person is the same German statesman who assured the Allies that he had the sole purpose to faithfully execute the terms of the Treaty and lead Germany in the paths of peace.

* * *

A general Dominion Election is in the offing. This year, sure.

* * *

The plans of the new Calgary post office have been expressed to Paris and will be submitted to the League of Nations for approval. It is understood that the building will be erected some time during the present century, which has eighty years to go yet. There is really no hurry.

* * *

Our old friend Dave Elton, the well known barrister and ex-police magistrate of Lethbridge, had a stork visit his house on Feb. 27 with a little boy. Here is how the Lethbridge Herald announced the happy event:

**A Full House**

"A new barrister arrived in the city in the early hours of this morning. He made his first appeal within a very few hours. Notwithstanding he appeared without robes the ex-police magistrate acknowledged his presence and permitted him to remain and be heard.

That is, the third son of David Horton Elton, L.L.B., former police magistrate of this city arrived this morning and there is much rejoicing at 1209 7th Ave. S.

Dave now has a full house—three kings and a pair of queens. He stands pat.

* * *

The Dominion government has decided to take over the Edmonton, Dunvegan and British Columbia Railway and make it a part of the Canadian National Railways. As a non-paying proposition it presents the usual qualifications for a place in the government system. On the other hand, there are weighty reasons why the line should pass into the hands of some organization capable of developing it. The road runs from Edmonton northwest through the Peace River country, which it serves, and will eventually reach into British Columbia. The Peace River country is one of the richest in the Canadian northwest, a land of unusual fertility and capable of enormous production, but it cannot be developed without railway communication.

Of course it is easy to understand this good lady's point of view with respect to what she call "the antiquated ideas of so many from the old country, particularly along the drink and cigarette evils." This is why she is a member of the W.C.T.U. at all. This is what the W.C.T.U. is for,—to put the kibosh on booze and tobacco. She is perfectly within her rights and should not be censured merely for being unfair, As a member of the W.C.T.U. she has been running true to form. One does not expect a woman to be absolutely fair in an argument and if it will help the Red Deer branch of the W.C.T.U. and enhance its prestige to call Englishmen and Scotchmen foreigners, just forget what she said and only remember that she is a woman and to that extent irresponsible. When not arguing on her hobby, we'll bet she is all right. Most of them are.

* * *

"Well," said the doctor cheerily to the nurse as he walked down the corridor of the hospital, "and how is old Bill's temperature this morning?"

"I don't know. I was just wondering myself."

"You were just wondering? What do you mean?"

"Old Bill died during the night."

In buying this line of goods from the manufacturer we exercised most delicate care. A close scrutiny of the many lines offered us and careful selection of the best designs and values has placed this department in an enviable position in the city. Hence we are able to offer you an unusually wide range at the very best prices

IN THE BRASS BEDS the styles are many, from the straight post with 1-2 inch spindles, to the massive 2 1-2 inch continuous post ones. The finishes are the finest satin and polished, and also the satin ribbon effects. Designs vary also. The cheaper lines come in lighter construction, while the better class ones are of a heavy brass construction. Practically every size from the 3 ft. to 4 ft. 6 in. size is represented in every style.

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| Medium posts, small fillers | $29.70 |
| Medium construction, knob design. Any size | 36.90 |
| Massive style, ribbon finish | 40.50 |
| Heavy elaborate design, ribbon | 53.00 |
| Massive construction, knob design. Any size | 61.20 |
| Square post style, rich, elaborate | 103.50 |

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Complete Homefurnishers

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IS A BEVERAGE TO

**Dine On, Work On, Sleep On**

USED with meals, it stimulates the appetite and assists digestion. A glass now and then during the day imparts strength and energy. Partaken of upon retiring, its tonic properties quiet the nerves and guarantee sound, refreshing sleep.

**Drink Silver Spray**
**The Health Drink**

COMPLIES WITH GOVERNMENT REGULATIONS

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Successors to The Mountain Spring Brewing Co., Ltd.
CALGARY, CANADA

# NEW SPRING GOODS

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Silks and Dress Goods Specialty Store

New British Homespuns for Men or Women's Suits, Coats or Skirts, 56-ins. wide, all wool, yard $7.95 to $10.50

British, All Wool, Navy Blue Serges, 56-ins. wide, a yard $3.95 to $6.50

40-in. Silk Crepe-de-Chenes, all colors, Pussy-Willow finish (Worth one dollar a yard more) a yard $2.95

Bonnets, World Famous Black Satins, Guaranteed, at yard $4.95, $5.50 and $5.75

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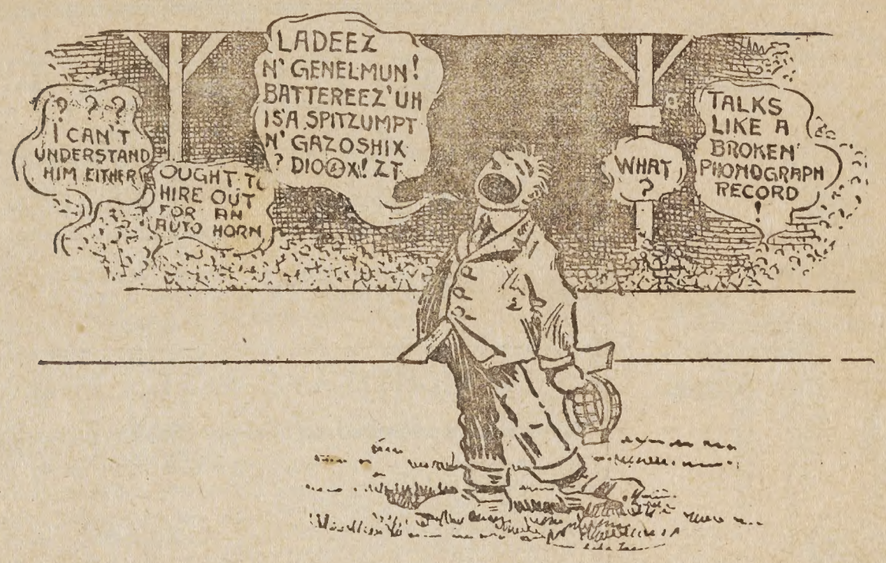

LADEEZ N' GENELMUN! BATTEREEZ'UH ISA SPITZUMPT N' GAZOSHIX ? DIO@X! ZT
? ? ? I CAN'T UNDERSTAND HIM EITHER
OUGHT TO HIRE OUT FOR AN AUTO HORN
WHAT ?
TALKS LIKE A BROKEN PHONOGRAPH RECORD

## "Umps" Will Soon Be With Us Again

Sir Sam Hughes, we are glad to know, is going to precipitate a debate on patronage this season. His contention is quite right. He maintains that the prestige of members in their own constituencies has been seriously impaired owing to the fact that the former right of such members to recommend individuals for civil service appointments in their own ridings has been usurped by the civil service commission.

* * *

Sir Sam Hughes, we repeat, is quite right. No man is better fitted to recommend an individual for a civil service appointment than the elected representative of the riding. It is said that there is a considerable proportion of the members who are of the same opinion as Sir Sam.

* * *

Bob Campbell's speech in the Legislature last week should be investigated by the Temperance League. It contained about 98 per cent. "kick."

* * *

The noblest pursuit of woman is an honest man.

UNION MILK COMPANY *Limited*

A phone call to M4686 will bring one of our wagons

The Speech from the Throne delivered at the opening of the Dominion Parliament by the Governor-General was a gem of its kind, a perfect model of what a speech from the throne should be. It was quite unlike one of President Wilson's Notes and will give rise to no controversy. Here it is:

Honorable Gentlemen of the Senate, Gentlemen of the House of Commons:

It is most gratifying to observe the clemency of the weather. The sunshine and balmy days which we have been enjoying is a source of satisfaction to me and should Providence vouchsafe to us a still further extension of good weather my government will be deeply gratified.

Although the weather has been propitious in some parts of the Dominion, it has no doubt been unpropitious in others. The skating during the past winter has been excellent in the vicinity of Rideau Hall and enough snow has been vouchsafed by divine Providence to enable our Ski Clubs to maintain in a most gratifying manner that prosperity which is the backbone of our country.

My advisors have given me their assurance that the weather has been excellent even beyond the confines of the city of Ottawa, which is very gratifying, and the general concensus of opinion is that Spring will soon be here. My government, after due deliberation, has arrived at the conclusion that while sunshine is no doubt a source of comfort to many, it is necessary also to have a certain proportion of rain and snow wherewith to nourish the vegetable life upon which we all depend, and my ministers have accordingly made arrangements to have an ample supply of both during the present year. This should bring results of a most gratifying nature.

Gentlemen of the Senate, my advisors inform me that the weather in Havana and Bermuda is very fine indeed and you will be gratified to know that the rain has let up for the season in Vancouver.

Gentlemen of the House of Commons, the accounts for the past year will be laid before you. They have been prepared with due regard to the climatic conditions peculiar to our northern latitude, and I trust that the accounts of the weather which will claim your attention will prove as gratifying to you as they have to His Majesty's government.

Honorable gentlemen of the Senate: Honorable gentlemen of the House of

A Johnnie just back from a trip to the Old Country narrates an incident which he witnessed in a certain city.

A pretty girl, escorted by a young gentleman, was waiting for a car at a safety station. Suddenly a mouse ran from the basement of a building pursued by several newsboys. The mouse dodged in and out of the crowd, and finally made for the safety station. There it hurried and skurried, until with a bold dash it took refuge under the young lady's skirts. She grabbed her skirts, shrieked and jumped upward. Her escort grew pale with suppressed excitement. The girl shrieked again, and suddenly made a wild grab at her right l—g, and clutched it with a death grip, just below the knee. Likewise she clutched the mouse. Then again she raised her voice like unto one crying in the wilderness. If she released her grip she knew the mouse would—would—well the mouse wouldn't; if she didn't release her grip the mouse, of course couldn't. Great beads of perspiration formed on the escort's troubled brow. What should he do? Was he to see his sweetheart in distress, in pain and in terror, and not rescue her? Suppose he should be bitten, wouldn't it be in a noble cause? Should he—should he? Well, there you are. Should he, or shouldn't he?

The question is, did he.—Ed.

The following dope will show that Jess Willard was crazy over money:

Ike O'Neil who helped train Jess Willard for his defeat by Jack Dempsey and who expects to watch over the physical well being of Georges Carpentier when the champion of Europe arrives in this country, is never tired of talking about that little affair in Toledo last July 4.

"Do I believe that Willard will attempt a comeback?" spoke O'Neil, in answer to a query yesterday.

"Never. Jess got his fill at Toledo.

"Peculiar fellow, Jess. He was a slave to the idea that everyone in the country was aginst him and trying to short-change him.

"I knew him and trained him first in Buffalo, my home. He fought 'One Round' Davis there and the house was estimated at about $6,000.

"After leaving the building he overheard folks talking about the gate, and he got an earful of several bad guesses—guesses that, of course, ran from ten to fifteen thousand. He became like a mad man, and nothing would do him but that he must tear back and denounce the promoters for hoodwinking him on the count. All this, mind you, despite the fact that Tom Jones was watching the count and Willard's interests.

"In Toledo he was odd about money matters. Why, before he got out of his steaming suit, following a training bout, he would plant himself down and begin to count the bills and silver that constituted the day's take at the training quarters. He was a child about it and he always swore that the count was smaller than his weather eye took in from the platform.

"He was badly in need of a gym suit and I spent a whole day down town in Toledo getting a proper one for him. It was a suit that would last him five years and, with the shoes that went with it, the bill came to $60. And to my dying day I never expect to hear a man howl louder than he did over that bill.

"A funny cuss. But he was game. Ah, you'll have to say that. I was sponging him after the second round and he kept murmuring: 'Hey, hey, what's coming off here?' I tell you, Willard didn't know he was in the ring after he got that first fearful left hook to the side of the jaw. That punch, I think the hardest ever delivered in the ring, caved in Willard's face. It broke his nose, his cheek bone and several of his teeth. I say the man was dead game to go as far as he did.

"He hit Dempsey a right hand body blow that almost turned the tide, when it landed and Dempsey fell into a clinch, I thought Willard's time had come. It wasn't to be though, for we had all under-estimated Dempsey—Willard above all of us.

"Why, you know how I went around the lobby of the Hotel Secor and bet my own money after weeks of hard painstaking work, and came back home with $40. When Willard got up, stretching his big arms out at full length in the corner with the remark: 'Ike, I'll break this poor boy in two,' I turned around and bet every dollar of the money he had paid me that morning.

Do you remember that crowd of Lawrence, Kansas, boosters who gave away the new dollar bills in honor of Willard? Well, the leader of that generous bunch was a big Lawrence banker. He asked to see Jess one day, and though I pleaded with the big fellow to receive the man, do you think he'd do it? Not by a long shot. He wouldn't see anybody. In fact, right there he indicated that the fight had really got on his nerves.

"There have been many stories printed about the end of that fight. Walter Monahan is the man generally spoken of as the one who tossed in the towel ending Willard's championship career. I asked Willard how he felt about the fourth round, and he said, 'Ike, I've gone as far as a man can go. You'd better throw in the towel.' Ray Archer, looking like a ghost, asked me what I intended to do about it, and I said, 'This,' throwing in the towel with the word.

"It remained on the floor of the ring unnoticed until Monahan's token of surrender went flying through the air. They've said that we deserted Willard after the fight. I didn't. I don't know what became of Archer or Monahan, but Jess and I fought our way to his car through as bitterly hostile a crowd as I've ever seen. They hissed, cat-called and screamed that they were glad he got licked, because of the way he acted during the war. My heart ached for the poor devil as a shower of cushions beat down about his bruised head.

"Fight again? Say, Willard will never forget his experience of that moment, and I don't think you could drag him into another bout."

* * *

He had been calling on her twice a week for six months, but had not proposed. He was a wise young man and didn't think it necessary.

"Ethel," he said, as they were taking a stroll one evening, "I—er—am going to ask you an important question."

"Oh, George!" she exclaimed, "this is so sudden. Why I"—

"What I want to ask is this," he interrupted. "What date have you and your mother decided upon for our wedding?"

* * *

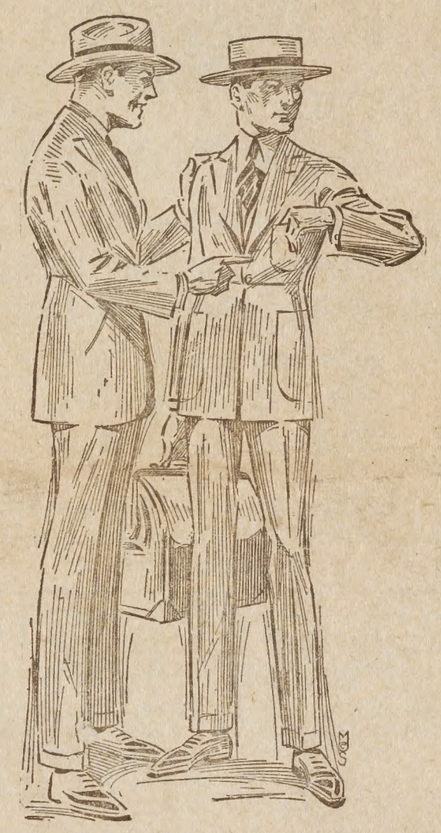
Gin a body meet a body, with a quart o' rye,
All the lads will want a smile
When toodle-di-umpty eye.

* * *

How much does it cost you each year to be sarcastic?

**Buy Your Suit Here and Save Money**

We have a very fine line at ..... **$30.00**



Men's imported suits, well tailored, good linings and good fitting, the pants are full cut and hang perfectly. Five pockets and side straps. The material is good close weave and splendid wearing quality, and is one of the best values in the country. Colors, medium brown mixtures, with neat invisible check.

The Hudson's Bay Company

THE PLAZA

(CANADA'S FAMOUS PLACE OF ENTERTAINMENT)

We now offer for your approval, the greatest combination five-piece jazz band ever organized on the American continent. By recently engaging Chicago's greatest saxophone player and tenor vocalist, as well as two other musicians and singers, we are prepared to place our jazz music and quartette singing against any colored organization ever assembled, for harmony, ragtime, jazz, or classical selections, as well as perfect dance time. Hear this band render New York's latest selections, among which is "The Vamp," and be convinced. Dancing, singing, music, perfect cuisine daily after 9 p.m.

A phone call to
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will bring one of our wagons to your door

UNION MILK COMPANY, *Ltd.*

the accounts for the past year will be laid before you. They have been prepared with due regard to the climatic conditions peculiar to our northern latitude, and I trust that the accounts of the weather which will claim your attention will prove as gratifying to you as they have to His Majesty's government.

Honorable gentlemen of the Senate:
Honorable gentlemen of the House of Commons:

I invite your earnest consideration to the state of the weather and beg of you, irrespective of party, not to get drunk during your deliberations. If the blessings of divine Providence should be vouchsafed to your two legislative bodies, it will be gratifying to His Majesty. Mr. Calder will also be immensely pleased. Failing which, we can always make a jackpot of it and sweeten 'er from time to time with a blue chip. Hope it will be a fine day tomorrow.

Lloyd George Backpedalling

We now offer for your approval, the greatest combination five-piece jazz band ever organized on the American continent. By recently engaging Chicago's greatest saxophone player and tenor vocalist, as well as two other musicians and singers, we are prepared to place our jazz music and quartette singing against any colored organization ever assembled, for harmony, ragtime, jazz, or classical selections, as well as perfect dance time. Hear this band render New York's latest selections, among which is "The Vamp," and be convinced. Dancing, singing, music, perfect cuisine daily after 9 p.m.

CALGARY
PHOTO ENGRAVING
COMPANY
222 Eighth Avenue West
Makers of "Cuts that Print"

# The Distillers of Canada

have, since the resumption of inter-provincial trading in alcoholic beverages, received many communications with regard to inconveniences affecting the purchase of Canadian made liquors.

The Distillers are anxious that all persons desirous of obtaining their products for lawful purposes should be able to do so with a minimum of inconvenience, but the present laws governing inter-provincial trading, (which is the only method prescribed by law for the sale of liquors for beverage purposes) necessarily creates delay. Where, however, there is excessive delay, or where a situation arises regarding which they can take action, they will appreciate information.

They will also appreciate suggestions as to the improvement of the present laws with a view to putting the sale and distribution of alcoholic beverages on such a basis as will preserve the personal rights of the consumer and eliminate opportunities for abuse and breaches in the law.

Communications may be addressed to any Canadian Distiller or to

R. T. FERGUSON,
303 Electric Chambers,
Winnipeg, Man.

# The Men's Economy Suit Rack

Has been the means of saving $12.00 to $20.00 on a suit for a number of men since it has been established. Lovely tweeds and worsteds in nice patterns and the latest styles, and your choice at the popular price of - - - - -

**$33.50**

*Get Acquainted With This Rack, It Will Pay You*

Men's Heather Pure Wool Coat Sweater, V-neck, spring weight, cost today, $12.00. Sizes 40 to 44- Saturday only . . . . . **$5.95**

Men's Dress Shirts, soft cuffs, all sizes, nice patterns, each . . . . . **$1.95**

Men's English Oxford Shirts with collar attached, all sizes and good fast colors, regular pre-war stock worth $4.00, for . . . . . **$2.95**

Men's Work Shirts, all sizes, cotton, woolette and flannel, worth to $3.00. Your choice at **$1.95**

Men's Overalls, Bob Long Grey, Bib. Sizes 40 to 50. Worth $3.00 today. Very special, a pair . . . . . **$1.95**

Men's Overalls, G.W.G. and Western King, a pair . . . . . **$2.50**

Long White Teamsters or Carpenters Aprons. $1.50 value. To clear at each . . . . . **75c**

Men's Dress Shoes, Cushion Soles, also Neolin Sole. Value to $12.50, for . . . . . **$8.95**

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The Great Clothiers of the Great West
Largest Men's and Boys' Wear Store in Canada

TWO STORES--Main Store Ninth Ave. and First Street East
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